

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the most peculiar things of the week was the final expulsion of the Galt heretics from the Presbyterian church by the dismissal of their appeal to the General Assembly. As will be remembered the appellants held and taught the doctrine of perfect holiness and were considered disturbing elements in the church to which they belonged. Their appeals to the Assembly were moderate and almost pathetic. They were willing to remain quiet, to be debarred from teaching in the Sunday school and the prayer meeting, though in an interrogative way they asked if they would be deprived of the privilege of reading the scripture lesson or "taking part in prayer or testimony." They stated their willingness to be called to order by the chair and to be held in check by the church, but their appeals were in vain and their letter read after their expulsion shows a considerably wider Christian spirit than was evinced by the Assembly.

I for one cannot understand how a church which holds that a certain portion of mankind was born to be damned and another portion to be saved, can deny the doctrine of holiness. If a man is holy enough to be saved without any effort of his own he is perfectly holy or else Christ is willing outside of the atonement to welcome a man who is unholy. For instance Jones is one of the elect, he has no impulse towards sin, he delights in prayer, good works, and meditating upon the glories of the world to come. It is easy to believe that he is one of the elect because it is evident that he was born with a disposition towards godliness. On the other hand Smith is a riotous liver, profane, blasphemous, dishonest, tyrannical, and altogether unlovely. Surely he cannot be one of the elect? Now, if the Galt people felt that they were of the elect, and felt the pure impulses of those who are fit to be received by their Maker with his "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord," it is not wonderful that they thought themselves perfectly holy, and it was honest that they should urge that belief and preach the possibility of perfect holiness in others. If I believed in the doctrine of predestination and foreordination I should believe myself to be one of the non-elect, for I do not find my spirit always striving after the good but rather in the pursuit of evil. I frankly confess that the good I do is largely in spite of the evil, and that the only good things that are easy are those which appear to give pleasure to others and to leave a pleasurable sensation of having made a sacrifice, within my own heart. This cannot be the feeling of the elect who are born to be angels after a brief probation; it cannot be the everyday sensation of those who have the glorious legacy of election. The ecstasy of the man who was born so perfectly in God's own image and by His eternal decrees was fitted for Heaven without any effort of his own, must be that of divine elation, his ecstasy must be the indescribable effulgence which moves poets to sing of the glories of Heaven and the pitiable meanness of the earth. In a weakly human way the non-elect may rebel and cry aloud that it is unjust that they should be prepared for hell before their birth, but the most merciful feature in the whole arrangement is that no one seems to think that he or she can possibly belong to the non-elect. I never knew a man who believed in the doctrine of foreordination who did not believe that he was one of the few set apart for salvation. If a man believed that he was born to be damned his life would be insupportable, and so it is probably a wise dispensation of Providence—if the doctrine of election be worthy of credence—that everyone should think that he has some small part in the beauties of the world to come, and that there is a room set apart for him in the house of many mansions. If this be true it is not natural that the little section of the Presbyterian church in Galt, feeling doubly certain of their election, should be carried away by their thankfulness that they were born for eternal life and infinite happiness, that their souls should be absorbed by a contemplation of their magnificent inheritance, and that their minds should be filled with unspeakable thankfulness that they are not of the unfortunate many who from the time they were pillow'd on their mother's breast were set apart through the un-

countable cycles of eternity for the flames which devour and agonize without consuming?

It seems to me that the doctrine of perfect holiness is in perfect accord with that of unavoidable damnation, unless we believe that the elect are just as wicked as those who are born for torture. If we do not believe this and are forced to hold that the elect and the non-elect are equally unrighteous, equally unworthy, then how is it possible for our sense of justice to reconcile God's decrees with those of justice? If those set apart for heaven and hell have been so selected that goodness, fitness and a love of Christ's teaching have nothing to do with it, if those whose impulses are towards good are to be damned and those whose impulses as towards bad are to be saved, unless the torture be very severe, hell would be nearly as pleasant a place to spend one's future in as heaven itself, for the society, if this contention be true, would be equally good in both places.

I think the fact of the matter is that the Presbyterian Church, though it subscribes to the Confession of Faith, does not believe in it, and no better evidence could be found than the expulsion of the "perfectly holy people" of Galt. It irritates these clerical members of the elect as much as it does those who feel less certain of their future residence to have a section of the community profess greater godliness than they can possibly feel. If a man were to tell me that he was without sin, I would quote him the passage which tells the self-righteous "who thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall,"

must impress its feebleness upon those who gaze up at eternal things and feel their own littleness, one cannot but wonder whether God will raise from the dead that which is unfit to live. "As in Adam all died, even so in Christ are all made alive," but those who are not in Christ are possibly not made alive, and if they are dead in sin it would be a merciful view to believe that death in that instance means eternal death. When man fell and was separated from the tree of life by the flaming swords, it is not unnatural to believe that he will never reach that tree of life again unless through Christ, and if he remain away from it he is dead, and if he be dead it is not difficult to believe that his hell means the old Saxon hell which referred to being buried, covered up. I know that the straitest sects of orthodoxy oppose this view because they believe a great moral restraint would be taken away from mankind if the choice between life and death were literally interpreted. If we were to believe that eternal life means eternal life, and eternal death means eternal death, instead of eternal torture. I do not so believe. I hold that the majority of men who are about to yield up the spirit that God gave them, if they were to select between the chance of a terrible future and that of extinction, would choose life of any kind rather than death. All that a man hath will he give for his life, and if this be true in a temporal way, how much stronger would be the impulse towards the choice of eternal life even if it be one of misery rather than that of eternal sleep. I know that I shall not yield up my life until I have to. I like to live. When it is said I am dead, those who hear

suggests itself not only to reason but to mercy. When the old dog becomes mangy and toothless, his master does not keep him alive in order to torture him, but kills him; and we cannot believe that an infinite mercy would condemn those who have been given an earthly probation which has proved them unworthy to ages of agony nor revenge itself on the failure of the experiment by torturing the immortal part of that which failed to succeed.

I have been away fishing, and in the long intervals between the times I had an opportunity of torturing the poor fish I have been vaguely philosophising on these problems amidst beauties of nature which I scarcely thought existed in this fair Canada of ours. Fishing itself is not devoid of brutality. To see a poor dew worm wriggling on the hook suggests one's carelessness of the suffering of the dumb creation, and when one puts a frog on the hook there is such a human look about the beast that it really takes away my appetite. One can stick a hook into a locust, it is such an ugly looking grub, without compunction, and the spirit of the sportsman rises when you hook a fish. You can kill it without being sorry, but after all one has to be an old fisherman to get rid of the feeling that you are inflicting needless suffering.

On a fishing trip, lasting nearly a week, on the upper Trent, I saw scenery which is as glorious as the most beautiful section of the Hudson. Take Healy Falls, for instance, where our camping place was, a beautiful oak-opening on a promontory of land, where

society that the big fish eat the little ones, and that suffering does not count as long as you land your game. I think the man who fishes a couple of times a year has these things impressed on him, and it makes him better behaved towards his fellow man.

Camping out is a great feature of these expeditions. There you drink flies and pismires and millers and grubs in warm water without complaint, eat salt pork with a relish, take in white beans as if they were the greatest delicacy of the season, tackle canned meats as if they were a luxury and altogether submit to privations and inconveniences which if they took place at home would make one rise up in rebellion, fire the cook, and cause a separation between man and wife. Every man who takes in a little camp life learns to endure its trials and gets nearer the source of the trouble and finds out that accidents will happen in the best regulated families, even if the greatest possible care is exercised. Wives ought to encourage their husbands to take camping trips. When they come back covered with mosquito bites, their ears full of sand and their hair in a disordered mass they take more kindly and patiently to the little experiences which mark the history of every household and are more inclined to forgive than to complain. Besides it is a salutary thing for a man to be in communion with nature once in a while. While he sits by the camp fire and endeavors to protect himself from the attacks of the mosquito he thinks of the comforts of home and as he looks up at the star, and listens to the rush of waters and the rustling of the leaves of the trees he finds an echo, no matter whether he defines it or not, in his heart of the ecstatic exclamation of the psalmist when he cries: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

The man who communes with Nature does not need to put his thoughts into words. One learns to think in the language of the woods and to worship with the voice of the stream. The gentle whispering of the winds is a softer petition than any prayer with an organ accompaniment or the softly chanted amen of a choir.

When a party of men get together in a camp of this sort they get rougher in word than they are when they are at home but they are more gentle in thought. They tell outrageous stories but they think more beautiful thoughts and the stories by their outrageousness serve simply to accentuate the beauties of the hour and make the soul revolt from the coarse things of earth amidst the music and sublime things of nature.

R. BRENDAMOUR.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS--A FRENCH SCENE.



but I have more sympathy with the man who believes he is perfectly holy and therefore justifies his election, than with the man who knows he is imperfect and still believes that God has arbitrarily selected him as one of His own. One could be justified, the other could not. If Christ died for all, we all have an equal chance. If he died only for the elect those of us who do not belong to it have no chance at all. If a certain portion of us are perfectly holy in this world I could see them go to heaven and feel glad they were saved and feel sorry I was not born the other way, but if I were to see a man who is as bad or worse than I am going heavenward in spite of himself while I had to go to the other place in spite of myself, I should be justified in cursing the evil star under which I was born and denouncing as unjust the infinite power which made my birth and damnation coincident.

The Universalists believe that all men will finally be saved; that after death there is a period of probation in which man may accept that which on earth he refused. The fact that after death Christ preached to those in Hades, gives a color of possibility to this humane faith; yet I, with the majority, believe that as a tree falleth so shall it lie. I could much more readily believe that if a man were unfit to be raised from the dead he would not be raised than that he should be raised in impurity and given an opportunity to reform when the shackles of the flesh have been removed. Job's question still recurs to a great many, "If a man die shall he live again?" When he was so much afflicted looked upon the faces of his dead children and saw about him the wreckage of his hopes, it was not unnatural that he should ask himself "if a man die shall he live again," and looking at the same problem in the feeble way which

may know that I have been conquered for I propose to live just as long as I can and even if I have not a consciousness of belonging to the elect I still want to live. I would rather cling to my idea of God's eternal mercy even if it be overshadowed by the belief instilled in my childhood that there is a place of eternal torture, than to lie down and die and believe that that is the last of me. When one leaves home and says adieu to those behind the pain of parting is made endurable by the belief in a future meeting. When one closes the eyes of the beloved dead and folds the hands which have been so tender and kisses the lips so loving in life it is a bereavement that does not drive one to an insanity of grief because there is the hope of some day seeing those eyes shine into ours again and feeling the tender pressure of the hands now so cold, and hearing words of endearment from the silent lips which give back no answer to the caresses which cling with such wild pleading to those who are dead. I cannot see how grief would be supportable if that were the last we were to see of those we loved. How utterly useless life would be if this were all of it, what folly to endure the trials of to day if there were to be no God-illuminated tomorrow. Then what more awful fate can be pointed out to those who are unworthy to live in this world than the fact that they are unfit to survive the grave, that when clods fall upon them they are no more worthy of resurrection than the blind and helpless dog killed in mercy by his master, or the useless horse after tugging his loads through the brief span of life which is killed that the bother of feeding him shall not be incurred after his usefulness is gone! And yet this law—the survival of the fittest—even if it has been taught by one who had doubts, is the law which

the roar of the falls and the swirl of the rapids made sweetest lullaby to quiet the tired nerves of those who toil in cities. It has not its counterpart in any land except our own. Amidst the music of falling waters and whispering winds one cannot but think of beautiful things. Back to me came the days when in the old farm house the peach boughs rustled against the window and the wind whispered amidst the wheat fields and meadows when on a hot summer day among a clump of maples the tired husband ate their indigestible lunch and I carried the water pail with ever increasing pleasure when it got full of grasshoppers and grubs before I got back to those who had to drink. There is no pleasure in a service of that kind and I find the same instinct amongst those who row the city fishermen about the streams and bays and lakes which are said to abound in bass and maskelongs. Fishing is a goodly sport, it is a contemplative sort of a thing; though I confess I got more mosquito bites than fish, I never enjoyed anything more hugely in my life. A man who goes fishing thinks he must load himself up with a lot of mechanical tackle which makes money for the dealer but fails to be attractive to the fish. Live minnows, frogs, dew worms and crawfish are more attractive to bass than any amount of phantoms, and the simple rule of not going too fast nor believing that because you are fishing there the fish are going to come, is enough to make one stay long enough in a place to give it a chance and not stay too long to deprive you of an opportunity of trying other more favored spots. A week's fishing is good for anybody and everybody. It humanizes a man. When he sticks his hook into some inoffensive reptile in order to lure a fish to its destruction he observes the principle generally adopted by

and of heaven. Then one must learn to be more unselfish. Men are selfish animals and poor womankind are their victims. When a lot of men get together no one will submit to the cranks and whims which characterize the husband's lofty reign at home. They must accept their portion of labor and responsibilities. The little errands have to be done by full grown people, and home life begins to assume a different phase as one tugs a pail of water up a high hill and makes the smudge in the tent or assists in the culinary department. A man in camp approaches nearer a proper conception of a woman's life, the forbearance she exercises, the consideration for the feelings of others, the kind words which are necessary to companionship, the considerate action without which one would be companionless, than in any other experience I know of. Every man would be the better of a couple of weeks or a month's isolation. If he is with rough, coarse men it will brutalize him, if he is with sentimental, considerate men, those who have achieved something because they have been thoughtful of others, it will humanize him, get him back to first principles and renew his youth, and he will go back to his family a hundredfold better than he left it.

I have often wondered how it is that men tell such infernal lies about the fish they catch or don't catch, but fishing is such a question of luck! One man will sit and fish all day in a place and after leaving it in disgust someone will come along and fish in the same spot with immense success. The only way a fellow can equalize such things is by telling big stories. I imagine as a rule that people do not observe the principle generally adopted by them as there is in catching them. Then to think of the magnificent fish we los,

We land the little ones and lose the whales always. Is it not the same in every other phase of life? We are always hooking on to big things, but we can never get them out of the water. We are just about making a fortune when something happens. We have enormous bites and catch nothing but minnows. We see immense fish follow our bait clear to the top of the water and still we pull in the empty hook. A man who fishes long enough becomes a philosopher: disappointments may lead to industry, and industry will certainly bring success.

The discussion caused by the preposterous claims of the railways to the water front of this city is beginning to assume a proper basis. Hitherto it has been successfully urged by the attorneys of such corporations that the great amount of good done to the city by the entrance of a railway should be paid for by an unlimited grant of privileges which later on, in the hands of the corporation would become, and in the instance of Toronto have become, the means by which the company could extort still further concessions. Toronto has given up many hundreds of thousands of dollars in bonusing railroads, and if they have helped to build Toronto, Toronto has helped to make the railways profitable. The idea of having railway lines separating the people of this city from the water front, and of expropriating the banks of the Don improvement for railways is simply absurd. If the Council finds out what the railways absolutely need in order to carry on business, they can resist much more successfully the present outrageous demands. There is every disposition on the part of this city to give transportation companies every necessary advantage, but the giving of anything beyond what necessity demands would not only be robbing the citizens, but giving the key of the city to the railway company, and from past experience we have every reason to believe that they would not be scrupulous in using their power.

Some of the French Canadian orators have been threatening that if the agitation against the racial and religious peculiarities of Quebec is continued in the Province of Ontario, the Lower Province will throw in its fortunes with the United States. This is an old threat, and it has lost its power of frightening the English speaking people into silence. The Southern States not only threatened to secede from the North, but attempted it. All those who believed that the United States was a nation and not a bundle of provinces loosely tied together took up arms to defend the Union. The result was that the Southern Federacy was shorn of its glory and the slaves were freed. If Quebec should attempt to secede from the Canada Federacy the result will be the same. The English speaking people will take up arms to preserve the nation and Quebec will be taught to behave herself. It would perhaps be a fortunate thing for Canada if those on the other side of the Ottawa river—which is our Mason and Dixon's line—were to attempt secession. It is doubtful if, until some opportunity is afforded English speaking Canada of reconquering Quebec, there can be any real union in Canada.

A leading hotel man was telling me the other day that Toronto's tourist business is annually becoming smaller. The bad service furnished by the Ontario and Richelieu navigation steamers has discouraged the American travelers from going to the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence by way of the Niagara steamer and Toronto. It is a pity that this large stream of traffic which now goes down to the Thousand Islands on the other shore by means of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad should have been diverted from the line which used to be of such benefit to us. Those interested in this matter should take the thing in hand. Two or three well equipped boats would soon drive the old line out of competition and there is no reason why an investment of this sort should not be permanent and profitable.

Society.

The Toronto Riding and Driving Club have hitherto confined their meets to drives in sleighs during the winter months, and have on that account been popularly known as the Toronto Sleighing Club. This afternoon, however, they enter upon a new departure and thus prove the accuracy of their title. At the invitation of the president of the club, Mr. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, members are to meet at Rathnelly, Mr. Kerr's fine mansion on the Rosedale Hills, at two o'clock for luncheon.

The meal over, on horseback or in carriages, they are to proceed to some point beyond the Humber returning to town in time for dinner at seven. Society has not gone in for riding this spring as much as last, mainly on account of the absence in Europe of many of the devotees of the best of exercises. Some of these have now returned to town and this meet of the Riding and Driving Club is to be followed by others, provided that a continuance of unsummerlike weather keeps a sufficient number of people at home. The late rains have kept the grassy lanes and pleasant glades of the Humber district in splendid condition, so that if one falls at all, one may fall softly.

Mr. J. H. Plummer, assistant manager of the Bank of Commerce, and Mrs. Plummer left on Tuesday evening for a holiday to be spent in Europe.

Miss Walker, daughter of ex-Ald. David Walker, has returned to town after a pleasant fortnight's trip in New York.

Dr. A. J. Johnson of Bloor street west is spending a week in Muskoka fishing.

Maplethorpe looked its loveliest on Tuesday afternoon when the elite of Toronto gathered together within its walls, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, to meet the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The weather was all that could be desired, bright and warm, and the spacious grounds surrounding this comfortable mansion, presented a dazzling appearance, the exquisite tint of the foliage lending a charming ground for the

pretty, pale colors of the ladies' costumes. An enormous marquee was erected on the south side of the house, with a long table abundantly covered with viands, for which there was a constant demand. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles discoursed a choice selection of Scotch and other melodies at short intervals during the afternoon, being stationed on a balcony on the west side of the house. In the dining-room there was also a large refreshment table, which received its full complement of callers for ices, strawberries, claret cup, tea, coffee, cake, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Cosby welcomed their guests in the drawing-room, the latter wearing a becoming gown of gray corded silk, vest of white, and steel trimmings. A neat straw hat completed her toilet. Fully four hundred must have been present. Some of the familiar ones being G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Miss Maude McCutcheon, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Catonach, Mrs. George Torrance, Mrs. G. C. Crawford, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Foy, the Misses Shanly, the Misses McLean, Mr. A. D. McLean, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Roly Moffatt, the Misses Michie, Miss Michie, Mrs. and Miss Bain, Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. J. Crowther, Mrs. Duggan, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. Graetz, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Miss Smyth, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mrs. and Miss Inc, the Misses Cawthra, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Leah, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mrs. Cummings, Dr. A. M. Baines, Mr. G. M. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lydiatt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gibb, Mr. L. Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Thos. Gibson, Mr. Wm. Doe, Mr. Mrs. Todhunter, Mr. John Whatmough, Miss M. Murphy, Mr. Alex. Smith, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. Alex and Miss Nairn, Mr. D. McLean, Mr. Malcolm Lamont, Mr. E. Dignum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kent, Mr. A. Roberts, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. Alfred Reeve, Mr. John Hoskin, Q. C., Mr. Thomas Hodges, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray Gibson, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. and Miss Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. W. Christie, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Palmer, Hon. Judge and Mrs. Gowen, Mr. E. Y. and Mrs. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carswell, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Holmes of Richmond Hill, Mr. A. W. Ross, M. P., and Mrs. Ross of Ligar, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutcliffe of Brampton, Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat and Sheriff Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. Hare, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Tilson, Mr. T. R. Metcalf, Mr. E. D. Carter, Mr. E. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Galley, Rev. Dr. George and Mrs. George of Belleville.

A marriage has been arranged and will soon take place between Mr. Gamble Geddes, late A. D. C. at Government House, and Miss Jones of Church street. Miss Jones has recently returned from Europe, where she has wintered, and on her return the engagement was made public. Of the numerous engagements which have been announced of late, this is perhaps the one in which society has been most interested.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Middleton returned from Europe last week, Mr. Middleton being much improved in health.

Hon. John Macdonald and Miss Lucy Macdonald will leave on Monday for a two months' trip to Alaska.

The St. George's Society garden party which was to have taken place at the residence of Mr. Perceval F. Ridout, Rosedale House, last Saturday, was postponed on account of the wet weather. It is now announced for next Saturday, June 29, and judging from the number of tickets sold it will be a great success.

The Infants' Home, I see, has received very substantial assistance from the late kirmess. It gets the snug sum of \$4,715 which is the amount realized at the kirmess after payment of all expenses. This included the sum of \$125 from the kirmess ball committee. Everybody connected with the kirmess has reason to feel gratified at the result, as one young lady said: "It is comforting to feel that we have done so much good when having so much fun."

lace and yellow, with large Gainsborough of white lace and yellow; Miss J. Gooderham in pink with lace front; Mrs. Cameron in a stylish steel gray suit, with bonnet of gray lace; Mrs. Clark in black silk, with bonnet of black lace and ribbon. I also noticed Mrs. Arkle, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Alf. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Daisy Otter, Mr. Cecil Lee, Mr. B. P. Rutherford, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. McDonagh, Dr. Moore, Miss Ella Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse and many others.

The Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara has reopened for the season, and already preparations are being made for the first "hop."

The Empire on Tuesday published the following list of prominent Canadians and Torontians now in Europe or on their way across the sea: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clarke, M. P. P., the Misses Clarke, Mr. C. G. Matthi, Mr. John Waldie, the Misses Waldie, Mr. W. A. Medland, Mrs. W. Roe, Miss Minnie Roe, Mr. Edward Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thorne, Miss M. Rous, Mr. John Dugdeon, Col. and Mrs. Sweeny, Miss Michie, Miss Skiff, Mr. and Mrs. F. Newbry and family, Miss Nellie Douglass, Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, M. P. P., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kent, Mayor E. F. Clarke, M. P. P., Treasurer R. T. Coady, Mr. P. M. Clarke, Mr. H. J. Scott, Q. C., Mr. N. Rooney, Mr. A. Johnstone, Mr. S. Caldecott and family, Mr. D. Graham and family, Mr. Victor Lee, Miss Height, Mrs. H. M. Hill, Miss Wintermute, Miss Etta Hill, Miss Parker, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson, Miss Simpson, Mrs. C. D. Botsford, Mr. Jas. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. Chas. Cockshutt, Mrs. Cummings, Dr. A. M. Baines, Mr. G. M. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lydiatt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gibb, Mr. L. Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Thos. Gibson, Mr. Wm. Doe, Mr. Mrs. Todhunter, Mr. John Whatmough, Miss M. Murphy, Mr. Alex. Smith, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. Alex and Miss Nairn, Mr. D. McLean, Mr. Malcolm Lamont, Mr. E. Dignum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kent, Mr. A. Roberts, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. Alfred Reeve, Mr. John Hoskin, Q. C., Mr. Thomas Hodges, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray Gibson, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. and Miss Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. W. Christie, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Palmer, Hon. Judge and Mrs. Gowen, Mr. E. Y. and Mrs. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carswell, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Holmes of Richmond Hill, Mr. A. W. Ross, M. P., and Mrs. Ross of Ligar, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutcliffe of Brampton, Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat and Sheriff Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. Hare, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Tilson, Mr. T. R. Metcalf, Mr. E. D. Carter, Mr. E. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Galley, Rev. Dr. George and Mrs. George of Belleville.

When the girl freshman enters Vassar, instead of receiving the hazing that awaits her brother on entering college, and being obliged to stand on a table in her robe de nuit to receive buckets of ice water on her devoted head, with an accompaniment of demoniacal howls and groans, she is welcomed with the prettiest, gentlest courtesy one girl knows how to bestow upon another. The "old girls" (those who have been one or more years in the college) are immediately found at what the new girls are to room and call upon promptly, introducing themselves and leaving their cards. The new girl is presumably a little frightened at her homesick, but the old girl doesn't appear to notice it or sympathize lest it precipitate a flood of tears, but endeavors to interest her in the customs and incidents of college life, of which she is now an element. There are no conditional students accepted at Vassar, but every examination must be satisfactorily passed before a student becomes a member of any class. This done, she is a member of the organized and officered, its colors, flags and motto chosen, the sophomore give to the freshman a pair of stockings, with each soph invites personally a freshman to be her guest. To this lady she sends a bouquet, either of the class flower or her favorite blossoms, and she attends her with all gallantry and courtesy to the festivities, where she introduces her to her intimate friends, and is as devoted to the average young man would be under the same circumstances. The members of the faculty are also invited, and the party is held in the gymnasium, which has been handsomely decorated for the occasion with ornaments contributed from the parlors of the pretty hostesses. There are music and dancing, songs of welcome from one class, responses from the other, and the new girls have been fairly launched on the tempestuous sea of college life. Then the two classes swear eternal and traditional enmity at each other, which culminates when the sophomores are seniors and the freshmen are juniors.

When these important matters have received the consideration their dignity demands, the new girl sets about establishing a little home for her four year's sojourn, and the woman's strongest instinct is to please. Put a woman in the mist of an open field, with the sky for a roof-tree, and she will at once begin arranging and creating a home out of the very grass and stones about her. There are few single rooms for the students, and these have always been assigned to the more delicate girls. There is usually a small parlor occupied by three or four girls, and into this parlor open three or four bedrooms, of one of which each girl is proprietor. The parlors are most artistic, and daintily little boudoirs, essentially feminine and dainty in the extreme. The broad, high-backed seats are cushioned with some bright, soft material and piled with ornate, handsome hangings conceal the doors opening into the bedrooms, rugs, pictures, etchings, bits of decorative work and comfortable little rockers complete the furnishing of the rooms, to which small writing desks and well-filled bookcases give the air of student life. All this if the girls are friends, but if through any mischance the room-mates cannot or will not affiliate, how all the pretty treasures disappear, each girl taking her own articles into her tiny little sleeping room and resolutely shutting the door upon them, leaving the parlor as dreary as a country way station.—N. Y. Sun.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson are summering on the Island, at The Moorings.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Walker of Carlton street, have taken a cottage at Hanlan's.

Mr. P. C. and Miss Allan of Spadina avenue arrived home this week from Bermuda.

Mr. Wm. F. Johnson, superintendent Massey Manufacturing Co., left on Tuesday for Europe.

Mrs. Dowling and family and Miss McLennan of New York will spend the summer at Monreath, on the Island.

Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat, and Mr. Fred Mowat, sheriff of Toronto, left on Tuesday morning for a trip to England and the continent.

Mr. A. H. Young, B. A., has been promoted from second assistant teacher of moderns in Upper Canada College to the head of that department. He takes the place of Mr. Chas. McFarlane looked lovely in a pretty cream delaine with Nile green silk trimmings and large Gainsborough hat of cream tulle and daisies; Mrs. J. M. McFarlane in black lace and very stylish bonnet of black and yellow; Mrs. George Crawford in pink, with bonnet to match; Miss Rutherford in cream, with very pretty bonnet; Miss A. Rutherford in a pretty pink china silk gown and large pink hat with feathers; Miss Mabel Heward looked charming in a costume of blue and gold, with gold vest and stylish hat of blue; Mrs. Macklem in a black watered silk, bonnet of lace; Miss Fanny Smith looked charming in white, with lace hat; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald in very pretty crush strawberry dress and bonnet of pink tulle; Mrs. Cecil Lee looked bewitching in one of her trousseau dresses of white

lace and yellow, with large Gainsborough of white lace and yellow; Miss J. Gooderham in pink with lace front; Mrs. Cameron in a stylish steel gray suit, with bonnet of gray lace; Mrs. Clark in black silk, with bonnet of black lace and ribbon. I also noticed Mrs. Arkle, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Alf. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Daisy Otter, Mr. Cecil Lee, Mr. B. P. Rutherford, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. McDonagh, Dr. Moore, Miss Ella Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse and many others.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, the able and universally popular secretary-treasurer of the *Globe Printing Co.*, has been promoted to the position of business manager, and the general public will recognize the merit of the appointment, for to Mr. Taylor is largely due the credit for maintaining and increasing the large business of the *Globe*. Mr. James Watt, formerly accountant and almost a rival of Mr. Taylor in point of popularity, is now secretary-treasurer. The newspaper craft in Toronto join heartily in congratulating both the *Globe* and Messrs. Taylor and Watt.

The piano recital given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, a pupil of D. Fisher of the Conservatory of Music, on Monday evening was a success. The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tripp gave for his numbers selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt. He seemed quite at home manipulating the most difficult passages, and was warmly and enthusiastically encored after his rendition of Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2*. Others helping in the programme were Mrs. T. H. Litster and Miss Maud Gilmore (soprano), and Mr. Dinelli (cellist).

Mr. R. B. Teefy, treasurer of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League, was entertained at dinner at the Continental Hotel on Monday evening by his Irish friends. Rev. Father Hand was chairman and Mr. Patrick Boyle vice-chairman. There were present: Rev. Father Teefy, Rev. Father Brennan, Mr. Teefy of Richmond Hill, Rev. Father Rooney, Messrs. Fred. L. Lee, John Scully, J. A. Mulligan, Frank Cassidy, L. J. Cosgrave, P. Curran, the cormorant Wm. O'Connor, Frank P. Lee, W. J. Ryan, James Byrrell, M. J. Clancy, Charles Mahoney, Bryan Lynch, M. McKloski, John L. Lee, secretary, J. L. Coffee, Rev. Father McBride. Mr. Teefy is leaving to take charge of a branch of the Stockton Milling Company in California.

Mr. John G. Gibson, manager of the Ontario Brewing and Malting Co., was entertained last Saturday evening by a number of his friends at the National Club and on Monday was the recipient of a handsome clock and a beautifully engrossed address from the employees of the company in view of his marriage, which took place at the residence of Mr. C. A. Crawford, Grange road, on Tuesday morning. The bride was Miss McIntosh, a niece of Mr. Crawford. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performed the ceremony at which none were present but a few personal friends of the bride and bridegroom. The wedding party accompanied the bride and groom on the Cibola to Lewiston, where they took train for New York en route to England where they will spend their honeymoon.

"Hazing" at Vassar.

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To Advise to Young Writers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently said to an interviewer who asked him if he would advise a young writer, just beginning, to seek the magazines at first as the medium of bringing his work before the world: "Yes, if he feels his work is good enough: but until one has made at least something of a reputation, I think the best plan would be to bring his work before the world. Now, I don't know whether there is such a paper in existence as the Oshkosh *Gazette* or not," said the doctor, smiling, "but if there is, if a young man who aspires to be a poet contributes his poems over his mere initials to even so modest a sheet as this, if they have the real ring to them they will find their way into other papers, near and far, and in time he will have a reputation."

Not Much.

Gothamite—Are you a married man?

Chicagoan (hesitatingly)—Um—or—only one wife.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

LINDSAY LEWIS'S GRAND SONG

Love's Golden Dream

The average sale of this song in London exceed 2,500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Maude Rose and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Five-voice sing it. All like it.

PRICE 40 CTS.—IN KITS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.

Earnings of Newspaper Writers.

Mrs. Joseph Howard has recently published an article in the Boston *Globe* containing much interesting matter on the subject of the incomes derived from literary work. He believes that the average earnings of American writers are decidedly above those of men in the other learned professions.

It is stated in a New York exchange that Edgar Saltus, if he had to depend on his writings for a living, could easily bring his income up to \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. But being possessed of an independent fortune he writes but little and charges high. Harpers paid Amelia Rives \$100 for her sonnets, which is considered a mighty good price for mighty poor poetry. The highest price, however, yet paid for poor work was given by Collier of New York, who paid \$7000 for a seven-thousand line poem by Rives, and \$10,000 for a novelette by Stockton. Neither of these were successful. Brander Matthews earns \$3,000 a year and Edgar Fawcett about \$4,000. The latter received the extravagant sum of \$3,000 for his novel, *Olivia Delaplaine*, from the *American Magazine*, which died almost immediately afterward. Both these writers, together with William Winter, make a handsome annual income out of Augustin Daly by doing hack work on the literature that manager gets out to advertise his companies and his theater. George W. Cable's pen brings him \$4,000 a year which sum he doubles by his readings. James Whitcomb Riley has made money since he formed the partnership with Bill Nye. His readings and writings make him about \$8,000 a year. Nye is paid \$100 a week by the *New York World*, and makes double that sum on the platform, all of which brings his yearly income up to not less than \$20,000. John Habberton, the author of *Helen's Babies*, makes over \$10,000 a year by his work on the *Herald* and other journals. W. D. Howells is paid \$10,000 a year by Harpers and makes probably \$5,000 outside of that. R. H. Stoddard's salary on the *Mail* and *Express* is \$2,500 a year, which amounts he doubles by outside work. Richard Watson Gilder receives \$20,000 a year for editing the *Century*.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has been accustomed to draw \$100,000 a year from the *Herald*, while C. A. Dana was paid \$80,000 per annum to edit the *Sun*. It is said that Jos. Pulitzer's income from the *World* last year was in the neighborhood of a million, while John Cockerill only received \$20,000 for editing that paper.

E. P. Roe earned \$50,000 a year without difficulty, and Mark Twain testified in his suit against John Ross Robertson some years ago, that the income from his books amounted to \$80,000.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett pulls in \$50,000 a year from publishers and theatrical managers. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the book critic of the *N. Y. Sun*, is paid \$10,000 a year, and it is stated that half a dozen Washington correspondents of New York papers draw salaries equally high. Jos. Howard makes about \$12,000 a year and never saves a cent. Beside these princely incomes the poor \$500 a year which Walt Whitman's poems have yielded him for many years, calls up a vision of a gaunt and hungry wolf at the door.

Ouida.

In a London correspondent's letter to the *New York Sun* occurs the following interesting sketch of the famous novelist, Ouida.

"I think by all odds the most grotesque and abominable character in London at present was the novelist Ouida. She was here two years ago, and there was a constant reign of terror among the women until she left; everybody was afraid of being put into her next book. Talk about her beautiful eyes or tempestuous manner is talk of the most absurd kind. She is almost small enough to be a dwarf, with no particular color to her eyes or hair, ill-fitting gowns, and the most extraordinary independence that has ever been known. Instead of stopping with the many people who invited her to stay with them, she went off and lived alone at the Langham Hotel because she felt that there her movements would be unrestricted. She was the great woman of the season here, and the most intractable and unmanageable one we ever had. She went to see whoever interested her without waiting for the form of an invitation or even introduction. For instance, one day very early in the afternoon she took an umbrella, put on a pair of sturdy walking boots, and walked down to the city and all around St. Paul's Churchyard and back to the Langham Hotel for exercise. Her seat little figure stood out in a position on the street, and apparently the physical exertion set her brain going, for she made up her mind offhand to go and see two or three people whose names were known to her, and to whom she was more or less attracted on that account. She came up from St. James on her way to the city, stopped at Arlington street and told the man that she wished to see the Marchioness of Salisbury. The man took Ouida's card, sauntered up stairs with it to the drawing room, and when he got there he found that Ouida was stalking calmly along at his heels. As he entered the drawing room with the card, Ouida pushed him by and went up to the Marchioness and shook her warmly by the hand. As the Marchioness had never seen her, and had not yet seen the card, she was rather surprised; but after a few minutes' pause she was more or less interested in the whimsical novelist, and they chatted along for nearly an hour.

"Then Ouida rose, took her umbrella, started to go, and, changing her mind, sat down again and waited for the Marchioness that she would send for Lord Salisbury she would see him. This manner of asking for the Prime Minister of England as though he were kept on tap as it were, and ready to be produced at a moment's notice to any one who cared to drop in at Arlington street, was too much for the Marchioness. She would have stood anything but that; but she was the wife of a diplomat, and she told Ouida gravely that the Marquis had gone to Downing street and hence could not be seen. Thereupon the novelist expressed a slight regret, seized her umbrella and drifted away. That was the epitome of the way she passed her day in England. It is a curious thing, by the way, that a woman with such a wonderful fount of humor as Ouida displays in her little book, *A Rainy Month in June*, should be so utterly destitute of humor herself. Once in a while, in talking, she is odd and grotesque, but never in the least degree witty. I dined with her several times, but I never discovered any of the gleams of humor in her talk which are so prevalent in that odd little book. By the way, before she left she announced that there was only one man in England who was worth looking at or talking to, and he was Oscar Wilde."

Bonaparte's Closeness.

Napoleon I. was a great admirer of Mdlle. Georges, but by no means splendid in his liberality. One day, after alluding in terms of satisfaction to her performance on the preceding evening, he signified his intention of be-

stowing on her a mark of his approval, and asked her what she would like to have.

"Sire," she replied, "my great ambition is to possess a portrait of your majesty."

"Your wish is easily gratified," said the Emperor, with a smile. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented her with the desired effigy in the shape of—not, as she probably expected, a miniature, enriched with diamonds, but—a five-franc piece!

Some Proverbs on Woman.

German—Listen to a woman's first opinion, but not her second.

French—A wife is a perpetual torment. A man of straw is worth as much as a woman of gold.

Spanish—Women, wind and fortune are changeable. If you have anything to proclaim in the open market, you need only repeat it to women and magpies. A woman's advice is of no account, but if you don't take it she calls you a fool. Be on your guard against a bad woman, and never trust a good one. There is only one bad wife, but every husband thinks he has got her.

Portuguese—Women are not wanted when they are present and are missed when they are absent.

American—Women can keep a secret, but it takes a lot of them to do it. Women paint to hide their blouses.

Italian—He who loses his wife and a brass farthing, has only lost the latter.

Chinese—A woman's tongue is her sword, and she never allows it to rust.

All nations agree in saying that "Woman marries in haste and repents at leisure."

A Sunday Pastoral.

Rev. Mr. Ruffin—if yo' don' kin' t' ch'u'mo' reg'lar, yo'll ger ter der bad place, Job Whin'-Job—Hol' on, pa'b'on! I wuz 'gaged in keelin' a chick'n fer yo' donation-patty tomorrow.

Mr. Ruffin—Um-m mph! 's dat so? Well, p'raps we kin scotch yer a liddle in d' flames 'n luff yo' go; but be keerful, Job, be keerful.—

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the Nineteenth century may be truly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the famous house of Dorenwend is seasonably adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east which has given by the opening of the King Street Hotel (No. 131) and the Royal Hotel (No. 132). Here are found palms, roses, lilies and seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful, will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

The only favorite cafe for ladies in Toronto is still Thomas' English Chop House, Messrs. Keachie & Co., proprietors. Prompt and polite attention on the part of waiters, dishes hot, and the bill of fare as complete as can be found in Canada, while prices are no higher than elsewhere.

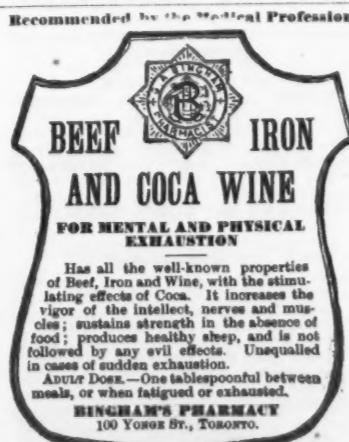
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Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

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For Sale by all Leading Druggists.

Ho! For Muskoka, the Island or the Parks**COTTAGE, CAMPERS, EXCURSIONISTS**

Come to us for your supplies. We are in a position to complete your every requisite. We have one of the largest and most complete stock of campers' supplies in Canada. Our packing and shipping facilities are unequalled, so that your orders can be filled and (properly) shipped at the shortest possible notice.

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THAT FRENCHMAN—By the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, &c. Price 50c.

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Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Slippers, &c., beautifully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.

STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE

103 King Street West

Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

SERIOUS STREET GOSSIP!

First Lady—Bonjour, Madame Stanislas, I am so glad to meet you, I wanted to speak to you so badly for some time past.

Mme. Stanislas—I am so sorry; you don't look well at all.

Are you ill?

First Lady—Just so. I am disgusted with my bang and pretty and your hair so neat, that I must trouble you to see how you manage it.

Armand's Hair Store? With pleasure. Do you know Ar-

mand's Hair Store?

First Lady—I am sorry I do not; I have heard about it.

Mme. Stanislas—Well, it is No. 407 Yonge Street,

where you will find the best stylish and cheapest hair goods in the city. Get artificial bangs like mine for the summer, and one of those wavy switches, and you will look better than I do.

The first lady was sunstruck, and they carried her to

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

407 Yonge Street

Where she got a lovely bang and a wavy switch, and then she left.

YATISI CORSET

407 Yonge Street

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vivian," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three, etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I saw her too,
Yes, but you must not love her,
I will not; as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess;
I love her not a woman."

A dark-looking woman opened the door of the house in Hercules Buildings, and ushered Mr. Dalbrook up two flights of stairs to the small back room in which Mercy Porter had lived her lonely, friendless life from year's end to year's end. The perfect neatness, a most tasteful arrangement of that humble chamber, struck Theodore at the first glance. He had seen such rooms at Cambridge, where an undergraduate of small means had striven to work wonders with a few shabby old sticks that he had done duty for half-a-dozen other undergraduates, and a quiet, and even of poorest quality when they issued, now and sticky with cheap varnish, from the emporium of a local upholsterer.

Mercy was very pale, and although she received her visitor with outward calmness, he could see that she had not yet recovered from yesterday's agitation.

"What induced you to take so much trouble to betray me, Mr. Dalbrook?" she asked.

"Betray is a very hard word, Miss Porter."

"You don't suppose that I believed yesterday's meeting was accidental? You took the trouble to bring Lady Cheron to across my path in order to satisfy your curiosity about my identity. Was that generous?"

"God know that it was meant in your best interests. I knew that Lady Cheron was your true and loyal friend—that she had more of the mother's instinct than your real mother, and that no pain could possibly come to you from any meeting with her. And then I had a very serious reason for bringing you together. It was absolutely necessary for me to make sure of your identity."

"Why mystery? What can it matter to you who I am?"

"Everything. I am the bearer of a very generous offer from Lord Cheron—and it was essential that I should make that offer to the right person."

Mercy's face underwent a startling change at the sound of Lord Cheron's name. She had been standing by the window in a listless attitude, just where she had risen to receive her visitor. She drew herself suddenly to her full height, and looked at him with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes.

"I will accept your generosity from Lord Cheron," she said. "I want nothing from him except to be let alone. I want nothing from Lady Cheron except her sympathy, and I would rather have even that at a distance. You have done the greatest harm you could do me in bringing me face to face with my old life."

"Believe me I had but one feeling, anxiety for your happiness."

"What is my happiness to you?" she retorted almost fiercely. "You are playing plain anthropology. You can do what you may do me much evil. You see my contention with my life—accustomed to his hardships, happy in the possession of one true friend. Why come to me with officious offers of favors which I have never sought?"

"You are ungenerous and unjust. From the first hour of our acquaintance I saw that you were of a different clay to that of the women among whom I found you—different by education, instinct, associations, family history. How could I help being interested in one who stood thus apart? How could I help wanting to know more of her?"

"You were interested, as you might have been in another wreck—in any derelict vessel stranded on a lonely shore, a picturesque object, battered, broken, empty,udderless. It was a morbid interest, an interest in ruin and misery."

He stated his commission plainly and simply. He told her that it was Lord Cheron's earnest wish to provide for her future life—that he was ready, and even anxious, to settle a sum of money which would ensure her a comfortable income for the rest of her days. He urged upon her the considerations of her own necessities and larger opportunities of helping others which this competence would afford her; but she cut his short with an impatient movement of her head.

"Upon what ground does he base his generous offer?" she asked coldly.

"Upon the ground of his interest in your mother and yourself—an interest which it is only natural for him to feel in one who was brought up on his estate, and whose father was his friend. It may also be that he feels himself in some wise to blame for the great sorrow of your life."

"Tell him that I appreciate his noble contempt for money, his readiness to shed the sunshine of his prosperity upon so remote an outcast as myself; but tell him also that I would rather starve to death, slowly in this room, than I would accept the price of a loaf of bread from his hands. Do not hesitate to tell him this, in the plainest form of speech. It is only right that he should know the exact measure of my feelings towards him."

After this Theodore could only bow to her decision and leave her.

"Lord Cheron is my cousin, and a man whom I have every reason to regard with affection and respect," he began.

She interrupted him sharply.

"He has never denied the cousinship, never treated you as the dirt under his feet—never looked down upon you from the altitude of his grandeur, with insufferable patronage—"

"Never. He has been most unaffectedly my friend ever since I can remember."

"Then you are right to think well of him—but you must let me have my opinion in peace, even although you are of his blood and I am—nothing but a scoundrel. Forget me, I have been ungracious and ungrateful. I have no doubt you mean well by me—only I would so much rather be let alone. It did me no good to see Lady Cheron yesterday. My heart was tortured by the memories her face recalled to me."

She gave him her hand, the thin white hand, with taper fingers worn by constant work. It was a very pretty hand, and it lay in his strong grasp to-day for the first time, so reserved had been her former greetings and farewells. He looked at the delicate hand for a moment or two, and then let it go back from the hand upwards to the fair, finely cut face, and the large dark gray eyes. That look of his startled her, the hollow cheeks flushed, and the eyelids fell beneath his steady gaze.

"Good-bye, Mercy," he said gently, "let me call you Mercy, for the sake of the link between us—the link of common recollections, and the sad secrets of the past."

"Call me what you like. It is not very probable we shall meet often."

"You are very stubborn, cruel to yourself, and more cruel to those who want to help you. Good-bye."

He went out into the shabby street haunted by those sad unlit eyes, and the hollow cheeks faintly flushed with delicate bloom. How lovely she must have been in her dawning womanhood, and how closely she must have kept at home in the cottage by the west gate, seeing that he who had been so frequent a guest at Cheron had never once met her there.

He was not satisfied to submit to this total failure of his mission without one further effort. He went from Hercules Buildings to Wedgewood street, and saw his admirable

Sarah Newton, into whose attentive ear he poured the story of Mercy's obstinacy.

"She is a strange girl—a girl who could live in closest friendship with me all this time, and never tell me the secret of her poor life," said Miss Newton thoughtfully. "Why she should be so perverse in her refusal of Lord Cheron's offer I can't imagine—but you may depend she has a reason."

Theodore escorted Lady Cheron back to Dorsetshire by the afternoon train, but they parted company at Wetherham Station, he going on to Dorchester, where his sisters had to year's end. The perfect neatness, a most tasteful arrangement of that humble chamber, struck Theodore at the first glance. He had seen such rooms at Cambridge, where an undergraduate of small means had striven to work wonders with a few shabby old sticks that he had done duty for half-a-dozen other undergraduates, and a quiet, and even of poorest quality when they issued, now and sticky with cheap varnish, from the emporium of a local upholsterer.

Mercy was very pale, and although she received her visitor with outward calmness, he could see that she had not yet recovered from yesterday's agitation.

"What induced you to take so much trouble to betray me, Mr. Dalbrook?" she asked.

"Betray is a very hard word, Miss Porter."

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"His way of talking about her—the expression of his face when he pronounced her name—the questions he asked me about her, showing the keenest interest in even the silliest details. What kind of a girl was she before she married, and how long had she known Sir Godfrey before they were engaged, and had their love been a grand passion full of romance and poetry, or only a humdrum kind of affectation?"

"Quite enough for a young man of his vehement character."

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old lines during the coming centuries the well-to-do will have to help the poor upon a stronger and wider basis than they have helped them in the past, and a good deal of the spare cash that is being spent on fine clothes and dinner parties will have to be spent upon feeding and housing the million."

The two young men drove over to Milbrook early on Sunday morning, in order to attend morning service at the picturesque old church. Matthew Dalbrook and his daughter were to join them in the afternoon for luncheon, which was to be a regular family party.

Cuthbert was silent for the greater part of the drive, and Theodore was thoroughly observant of him. Yes, there might be something in Sophy's idea. More than once during that long drive the young man's face brightened with a sudden smile, a smile of ineffable happiness, as of a dreaming lover who sees his mistress coming to meet him on the threshold. Theodore's heart sank at the thought that Sophia had hit upon the truth. Any way there was hopelessness. It was to be a regular family party.

Theodore's pleased face to see the love of his life victorious, soon or later, after long patience and devoted sacrifice. Cuthbert must taste the bitterness of having loved in vain. But he would hardly be worthy of pity, perhaps, seeing that he had known from the first how the land lay, seeing that honor forbade his falling in love with Juanita.

But will honor make a man blind to beauty, deaf to the music of a voice, impervious to the subtle charms of all that is purest, best, and loveliest in womanhood? Theodore began to think that he had done wrong in bringing his friend within the influence of irresistible charms.

"I was a fool to think that he could help himself; I was a worse fool to suppose that she will ever care for me—the humdrum cousin whom she has known all her life—the country solicitor whose image she has always associated with leases and bills of dilapidation—a little more than a baillif, and a little less than a gentleman."

They disposed of the dog-cart to the village ostler, who was expatiating the jovial indulgence of the Saturday night in the pent-up silence of Sunday morning. And they were in their places in the grey old church when Lady Carmichael came to the chancel pew. Theodore's watchful eyes followed her from her entrance in a halo of sunshine, which was suddenly obscured as the curtain dropped behind her, to the moment when she bowed her head in prayer. He had seen her face brighten as she passed the pew where he and his friend were sitting, and he told himself that it was Cuthbert's presence which conjured up that happier sight which had not been seen since the Prior's wife had come to the Priory. It was with Cuthbert she talked—Cuthbert the irrepressible, who had so much to say that he must needs find listeners. It was Cuthbert who sat next her at luncheon, and who engrossed her attention throughout the meal. It was Cuthbert who went through the hot-houses, fern-houses, and green-houses with her after luncheon, and gave her practical lessons in botany and entomology as they went along, and who promised her some Austrian frogs. The day was one long triumph for Cuthbert Ramsay, and he gave himself up to the intoxication of the hour as a drunkard gives himself up to the intoxication of the morrow.

"What do you think of your friend's infatuation now?" asked Janet, with her most biting accent, as she and Theodore followed in the procession through the houses, she carefully picking up her gown at everyone of those treacherous corner puddles which are to be found in the best regulated hot-houses. "Have you any doubt in your mind now?"

"No. I have no doubt."

The carriages were at the door half-an-hour afterwards, and all through the homeward drive Cuthbert was silent as the grave. Only at that came into Dorchester did he find speech to say—

"I shall have to go back to town early tomorrow morning, Theodore!"

"So soon. What an unquiet spirit you are. You'll come back to us next Friday or Saturday, I hope."

"I don't know. I'll try; but I'm rather afraid I can't."

Theodore did not press the point, and his friend kept his word, and left by the first train on Monday morning, after having been interviewed by the Prior, and even according to the sisters, who were disposed to think themselves especially ill-used by Mr. Ramsay's obvious infatuation for Lady Carmichael.

"I was beginning to respect Juanita for her conduct in the difficult position of a young widow," said Sophia, "but I begin to fear that she is no better than the rest of them, and that her leaving off crap upon her last gown is a sign that she means to marry again before the second year of her widowhood is over."

Lady Cheron's rose garden was in danger from a failure of the water in that old-fashioned well which had supplied the flower garden. There had been a continual loss of dry weather since the beginning of July, and the gardeners were in despair. When Theodore went over to the Chase with his portmanteau, in accordance with an engagement made the previous week, he found that Lord Cheron had that morning given an order for the sinking of the old well from twenty to thirty feet deeper.

"There is plenty of water, my lord," said the head gardener, "if we only go deep enough for it."

"Very well, Mackenzie, go as deep as you like, so long as you don't go below the water-strata. You had better pay on the bottom of hands. Her ladyship is uneasy about her roses, seeing how you have been stinting them lately."

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The Order of Medjeh

You have often asked me why I never married, and the question was one I did not feel I could answer. But somehow to-night, as I sit over the smouldering embers of the fire, with the raft beating on the windows, and the wind sobbing around the house, there seems to be an irresistible impulse obliging me to speak.

I believe there is some unseen connection between the other world and this, and often feel the presence of those who have passed away. There are times, like to-night, when the air is full of their subtle influence, and we almost see the shadow forms moving and passing, as hear the murmur of voices long still, and at such times one seems compelled almost to open the inmost recesses of one's heart as I do to you now.

Many years ago, as you know, I was an attaché at the legation in Constantinople. Young, moderately good looking, and with plenty of money, I was at once launched into the midst of the European society that is always there. The members of the various legations, attached to the sultan, are the most brilliant coteries in the world. I plunged into the vortex of this society with all the zeal of a novice, and enjoyed it to the fullest extent, but something, perhaps the recollection of my mother, kept me out of any of the compromising intrigues in which most of my friends were engaged. Constantinople is the very home and birthplace of intrigue. The customs of its society, the women veiled and kept away from the world, tend to encourage it. The glance of a bright eye from a guarded carriage or a white hand stealthily moved does not attract the watchful eye of the guard, has a meaning and suggestion in it that would never be thought of anywhere else. The sense of mystery about the inside of a harem gives a young man a longing to fathom it, and he goes to any length to get inside one, and always finds plenty of chances to try, as the women are constantly on the lookout for good looking, adventurous spirits with whom to exchange smiles and glances, and often lure them on to danger and death. The air was full of rumors, and occasionally some one you knew or had seen was suddenly missing. He was gone. Who? On the eunuchs and the Bosphorus could tell.

Of course I had my share of soft glances from half-veiled beauties, as they passed in their carriages, and a rose was often dropped over the shoulder of some one walking, as an invitation to follow her, but beyond a nod and smile I never went.

It was our custom to go every Friday to the Sweet waters of Europe, where the sultan, court, and all the wealth and fashion of Constantinople went after the mosque, and where the most brilliant and arrest scenes in the world can be witnessed. Every hotel in Constantinople is as represented. There were hundreds of carriages full of ladies in every style of beauty, with mounted escorts of soldiers and eunuchs alone, according to their rank. So thinly were they veiled that it seemed rather to enhance than conceal their good looks, as they cast side glances at the young men who lined the roads as they passed. These were always returned with interest.

There is no place in the world where such a showy diversity of costumes and uniforms can be seen—Europeans, Turks, Arabs, Melkites, Albanians, Greeks, Syrians—in the gayest and most brilliant robes, lining the drives for miles, smiling, ogling, and flirting with the occupants of the seemingly endless procession of carriages as much as they dared to under the watchful eyes of the scowling eunuchs.

Going often, and sauntering through the alleys with my gay companions, I came to notice a lady whose perfectly appointed equipage and splendid escort showed her to be one of the women of the sultan himself. Her perfect Circassian face, with the great, black, melancholy eyes, became deeply impressed on me, and I found myself waiting for Friday and the opportunity of seeing her again. I knew that she had noticed me, for a quick glance and a flush of her face told me that, and I showed myself more and more conspicuously every time. The weeks began to seem endless, and many a night did I lie awake thinking of her, fancying that she had noticed and was watching for me, and that she gave me a smile and glance in passing. Once my ardor outran my prudence, and I went so near her carriage that the eunuchs angrily ordered me back. I became moody and unhappy. My friends rallied me, and I was soon again in spirits, and trying every means to find out who it was.

The next time I saw her she made an almost imperceptible sign, and dropped something from the carriage that I picked up and found to be a piece of paper folded in the smallest possible compass, on which was written, in French: "Be more careful; you are watched." I put away the paper in a whirl of delight. Of course, she had noticed and was interested in me or she would not care. All she had to do, had my attentions annoyed her, was to have her hands take me by the arm.

So this went on, and I became listless and miserable, spending hours brooding over the situation, and trying to devise some means of meeting her, until, at last, my chief said: "You are not well, and had better have a change." But still I lingered on. At last one day a note was dropped near me that said: "Be at the east gate of the seraglio to night at nine. I have bribed a slave to admit you." You can fancy how long the time seemed. I was almost beside myself. At the appointed time I found a fat, black slave waiting for me, laying his finger on his lips, and bidden me to follow him, which I did, to a kiosk in a secluded part of the garden, and there found her waiting. Words fail to describe her beauty and gracious charm of manner, and if I had been in love with an ideal before I was still more so with the reality. She told me her story. How unhappy and closely watched she was; how she had noticed and admired me from the first, and that, noticing my changed, unhappy looks, she had braved everything to meet me. After an hour, that seemed only a minute, we parted. Two or three times after this we had these stolen delightful meetings. The sense that danger was near us only made them the more enjoyable. At last she said that we must meet again, as she was sure that we were suspected and watched. Putting a ring on my finger, and telling me that, come what would, she would always love and remember me, we parted. Heart broken, my life dragged on in a listless way. I gave up society and spent hours brooding over my unhappy fate, and devising ways and means to meet her again, but all to no purpose.

Some weeks later I was at the old place when she drove by with a little girl of five or six in the carriage, who laughed and played, enjoying the gay scene. She stopped and anxious, while I waited, and the sunbeams looked blacker and more forbidding than ever. She gave me a sad smile in passing, but I dared not show that I saw it, and stood dreaming at the place the carriage had passed, until suddenly a great commotion arose in the grounds, and looking, I saw that, her horses had taken fright and were running away, scattering the crowd in every direction, spilling the eunuchs as they ran. It was the work of a moment to run across the flower-beds and through the grove to a place they must pass, and I was just in time to catch the bridle of the nearest horse. He pawed and reared. The kick and I plunged, carrying me with them, until at last her escort came up and succeeded in stopping them. I had a faint recollection of seeing her jump from the carriage and come toward me, and knew no more.

When I came to myself it was in a splendidly furnished room, with doctors and nurses standing around, and I found that my arm and leg were broken, besides being bruised all over. The physicians forbade my talking, but I found out that the leg was safe, and the little girl, who was the Sultan's daughter, who under the influence of opiate, my bones were set, and I afterward lay between sleeping and waking, too exhausted to stir, until suddenly a pair of

arms around my neck and warm kisses on my face brought me back to consciousness, and I found that my love had eluded her guards, and I found me. She sobbed out her sorrows in my ears. Her slave had confessed our stolen meetings, and all was known. She said I had saved her life for a death more terrible. In helpless agony I lay there unable even to console her. The door opened and her eunuch came in with two mates, one carrying a silken bowstring. She clutched me convulsively, begging me to save her. As she tore her away she pressed her lips to mine in one last kiss, and dragging her out of the room, her cries soon died away in a gurgling groan.

I made a desperate effort to jump out of bed and follow them, but fainted, and for weeks, as I was told afterward, hovered between life and death. Thanks to a good constitution, life won, and at last I become strong enough to be moved. Soon after my recovery the sultan sent me the master of the Medjeh, in diamonds, for my bravery in saving his daughter's life, with a hint that the sultan's Cupid had not yet agreed with me. So I resigned and came home, and you know how my life has passed since. The remembrance of her love has never left me; her last kiss still lingers on my lips that no other woman has ever touched, and the sound of her dying groans always rings in my ears. I know she is ever near me, and I hope the time is not far distant when we will be together for eternity. You will find in a little book I always wear around my neck the ring and scrap of paper she gave me. That I want buried with me. And now you know the secret of my lonely, saddened life.

He Was Mistaken.
A man with fire in his eyes and his fists doubled up was prancing around on Monroe avenue yesterday when a policeman hailed him with:

"Are you looking for anybody in particular?"

"I should remark that I was! I'm going to smash a fellow's head the minute I find him!"

"What for?"

"He called me a crank, and I don't take that from anybody."

"I suppose you know the definition of the term?"

"You bet I do! It means a fellow who will walk into a saloon where five or six of his friends are and drink alone. I have never done this in my life, and I'll allow no man to impeach my honor."

The officer explained the term as generally understood, and the man replied:

"Is that possible? Well, then, I won't smash him. I must post up on some of these things before I get into trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hard Heart Softened.

Young Lady—Father, this is scandalous!

The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition!

Old Gentleman—Couldn't he help it, m'dear. Met ze young feller I wouldn't let you down, but an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him, and he's a good feller. I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m'dear.

"Merch! Where is he?"

"Dunno, m'dear. Pliceman took 'im off (hic) in wheelbarrow."

It is all Right.

"I think I dropped a letter into a mail the other day without stamping it," said a man at the post office as he called for the chief clerk.

"If you did it has gone to the Dead Letter office."

"Has, eh? You must have known that it was a mistake."

"Yes."

"And you ought to have held it for inquiry?"

"We've got our rules."

"And they are mighty impudent rules, let me tell you! The post office department needs overhauling, and I'll help to see it done!"

The next day the man returned, this time with a smile on his face, and said:

"You remember I was speaking about an un stamped letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to apologize. That letter was directed to an acquaintance. I'm inclined him to be a house-trustee. Last night I found out that I was mistaken. He hasn't got the letter and won't get it, and so won't know anything about it. The post office department is all right. Rules are all right. Clerks are all right. Have a cigar and press on to promotion and increased salary."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Excused.
"Excuse me," he said as he bit off the end of a cigar and held out his hand to secure a light from the other, who was smoking.

"Beg pardon."

"I said excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. Always willing to excuse."

And he took the fresh cigar, lighted it, threw his old stub away, and as he began on the new one he walked off with the remark:

"Very good cigar, sir—very good. Of course I'll excuse you."

Shop Etiquette.

A prominent leader of fashion in London (the wife of a duke well known in sporting circles) having occasion to return an article she had bought at a large drapery establishment, was asked by the polite and mellifluous floor walker: "Which of our gentlemen had the honor of serving your grace?"

The lady looked at him with a mischievous

Country And City.

Miss Sheafe—Ah, look at the wheat rising and falling yonder in the breeze! How beautiful! Mr. Weepit—Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Prounce Exchange.—Puck.

twinkle in her eyes, and indicating a certain assistant, replied diffidently and modestly: "Well, sir, I am not quite sure, but I rather think it was that nobleman with the bald head."

Choosing a Profession.
Pretty Girl—I have called, sir, to ask if I am beautiful enough for the stage!

Theatrical Manager (kindly)—No-o, my child, yours is not a good stage face; but don't despair. You would be a brilliant success as a type writer.

Cause and Effect.

Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night.

Sweet Girl—Yes, poor pa, has so many business cares.

Little Brother—That ain't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.

Successful Physicians.
Doctor's Wife—I understand that Dr. Curette practices himself strictly to office practice.

Old Doctor—Yes; that is why he succeeds.

People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help.

Literary.

Miss Ritta—Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestheph?

Mr. Drestheph (of the Chicago Browning Society)—Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far. Life.

Science Hails.

Layman—I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs?

Great Scientist (proudly)—I have.

Layman—Have you found a remedy for any of them?

Great Scientist—Well, no; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all.

Dress Makes the Man.

Customer—See here! I've only worn these pants one day, and they already bag at the knees.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.



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The Annual Exodus.

The annual midsummer exodus of most of those whose business and means will permit of their spending a few weeks in the country, at the seaside or in Europe has now fairly set in.

Of late years the respective advantages and drawbacks of the fashionable summer outing have been a good deal discussed and something like a re-action against the practice has been noticeable.

"Why," it has been argued with some reason, "should a well-to-do family leave their comfortable city residence on a shady street to crowd into narrow stuffy rooms at a fashionable resort where they will have to endure inconveniences they would not for a moment think of submitting to at home, where they will be stifled with heat, bitten by mosquitoes or other insects, snubbed by purse-proud acquaintances, slighted by impudent or neglectful waiters and finally charged an exorbitant figure for all these discomforts?"

There is much sound sense in this view and the summer jaunt is not now deemed so strictly essential to first-class social standing as it was at one time.

People are not afraid to stay at home for fear they should be considered too poor or stingy to go away, and boldly defend the practice on the ground of superior comfort and freedom from annoyance.

Nevertheless there is much to be said on the other side.

It is folly, of course, to rush off anywhere with the sole idea of getting out of town for a few weeks, and expect an equal degree of comfort to that afforded by a luxurious home; or to follow the crowd to a popular summer resort just because of the name of the thing.

But with a little discrimination and careful enquiry, every one desirous of enjoying country air or lake breezes during the heated term, can easily find plenty of places where there is abundance of room and every reasonable accommodation at a moderate price.

Everybody who lives in a city is the better for getting out of the dust and smoke,

the din and the crowd for a few weeks in the year.

It is a healthy, natural instinct which bids us seek rest and recuperation, after the fatigues and cares of business, among the fields and woods.

But the mistake has been that instead of seeking the freedom of nature, too many have made the summer holiday a season of worry and excitement by trying to take their pleasure in overcrowded resorts and plunging into a whirl of entertainments and fashionable dissipations.

It is no wonder that they're turned jaded and fatigued, and are disposed to vote summer vacations a failure.

Woman's Love.

As mankind ascends the steps of progressive development and mounts to grander heights and finer conceptions, the divinity of womanhood is realized more and more. No man can ever possess a full rounded character whose life has not been hollowed by the love of one pure, good woman. And there is more strengthening and support in a pair of those soft, white arms than there is in braces of iron and girders of steel. In the day-dawn of youth, when the kindling vision sweeps the plains of futurity and sees only the blazonry of hopeful promise, the young man weds some damsel on whose tender cheek the dew of morn are still a-tremble. Then come the years of toil and labor, the cares and the worries, the joys and the disappointments. Man is prone to selfishness, and is too near-sighted to observe the hand that bears the cooling chalice to the fevered lips. But the woman he is all in all. She has not a thought higher than his dear head, for that is, to her, as high as heaven. But every day he learns a truer and more unconscious appreciation of her devotion. On the threshold of his home, be it palace or cottage, he expects to see her waiting to welcome him when the toils of the day are over. There is something in her very presence—something soothings and refreshing. And her voice is dearer to him than all the melodies of the earth and sea and sky combined. Anticipating his smallest wishes, she teaches him to expect all that is best in life through her tender hands. And a man—if he is a man—is devoted and glorified by these pure and holy influences. As the years go by, even the fire of adversity but weld in closer union these two hearts. The sunlight of prosperity but causes each heart to throw out new tendrils that become so wreathed and intertwined as to make of the twain but one perfect being, just as God, in His all wise providence, intended should be the result of wedded life. The man who is incapable of that pure and lofty appreciation of woman's love, is incapable of feeling the thrill of that noble intellectuality which is but a foretaste of joys that are to come in a world where the souls of these pure and tender wives and mothers shall shine with a luster unequalled by the concentrated splendor of a hundred suns.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

To men addicted to delights business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commanded a dull man for his application: "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction and render deformity itself agreeable.

So the great Gilmore, with his great band, his great soloists, his anvils and his cannon have come, have seen, and have conquered. Well no! he did not conquer altogether, for there is one dauntless soul who has utterly refused to be captured by the salvoes of artillery. He has rushed into print and appealed to our modern civilization to exclude from such concerts a barbarism "as coarse as could be found in any pagan land!" Surely this is aestheticism run mad! Keep your eye on this gentleman, for if he keeps on in this line he will banish the drums, the cymbals, and the triangle, for they are all barbaric and much older than the much abused gunpowder. He gets a little mixed, too, at times; for instance he speaks of cultured ears which to them are "destitute of any meaning." If these are as "destitute of meaning" as is this sentence, they must be long ears indeed.

Let such as he rail as they will, they cannot rob Gilmore or his band of their excellence.

For excellent they both are beyond question.

Though not composed of the full strength

which he employs in his summer concerts at

Manhattan Beach, the band is still wonderful in its rich, mellow tone and perfect blending,

and in its thoroughly truthful intonation. The noble Robespierre and Tannhauser overtures,

the Prophete selections, and the Tell ballet

music have never been equalled here in the

history of military band music, in richness and

gorgeous variety of expression and tone color.

I was particularly struck by this in the

Robespierre overture, written by one who is

called the Wandering Jew of Music.

Sometimes a man has one, and only one, great

idea, but it is hard to believe that the

mind that could conceive this overture has not

produced other work as good.

And yet this

man Litoff can find neither publisher nor

manager to take his works.

The accepted

orchestration of the Liszt Rhapsodies has been

followed in the instrumentation used by Gil-

more, and a splendid success was made of the

great Second.

The piano pieces are clever puzzles in instru-

mentation, though the movements from the

Sonata Pathétique did not impress me very

favorably. One misses the heart and head of

one individual who is the interpreter of Bee-

thoven, and one hears instead only the sound

of many. But who can forget the merry

twinkle of the Rondo Capriccioso. This was,

to my mind, the best of these efforts.

The usual popular trifles, for which Gilmore has

become famous, were not wanting on Thurs-

day and Friday last, but they had an

addition which was particularly under the

British flag. This was The Charge of the

Light Brigade. That man, Puerer, has

written many clever eccentricities, but The

Charge is the climax of all. It is the maddest

rush and rattle we have ever heard, and when

the three final cheers and Rule Britannia are

heard, the audience is drunken with enthu-

siasm and patriotism. It was played seven

times in four concerts, and it may not be high-

class music, but I, for one, would like to hear it

again. Another clever thing was the imitation

of the styles of well-known composers.

The veteran actor, John Gilbert, died at Bos-

ton on Monday after a long illness.

The London paper speaks of Mr. Kyrie Bellew

as Mrs. Potter's Little Lord Fauntleroy.

It is reported that Rose Coghlan and her hus-

band, Clinton Edgerly, have entered into an

agreement to hereafter live apart.

The first minstrel performance ever given by

an organized band of negroes occurred at

Macon, Ga., July 4, 1865.

Quentin says: "America has some of the

best, the very best actors of the day. Booth,

Lawrence Barrett, magnificent. And among

the women, Mary Anderson, and the leading

lady of Daly's troupe, Ada Rehan, I consider

one of the most remarkable comediennes of the

day."

Kyrie Bellew is far from being an effeminate

man. In spite of his exceedingly fine cut

features, those who know him have reason to

admire his figure when unstripped as a splen-

did exhibition of an athlete who measures

four inches around the chest.

The dress circle seats in the new Garrick

Theater in London are provided with a neat

little silk pocket wherein to place the pro-

gramme. Underneath the seat is a convenient

box-like aperture for hats and coats. The seats

in this part of the house do not turn up, suffi-

cient space being allowed for ingress and egress

between each row. The pit, underneath the

dress circle, has comfortable turn-up seats,

and to each of them is affixed a loose cord

whereon to hang a coat or any other wrap, and

an iron ring to hold the umbrella or stick.

It is reported that two new society stars will

ere long illumine the theatrical world with

their silvery light. These are Mrs. Snell-

McCrea of Chicago and Miss Eliza Lawrence

Parker of Virginia. If the rhapsodies of the

New York Sun mean anything Lily Langtry

and Mrs. Parepa. It has the same rich yet liquid purity

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Noted People.

President Carnot of France strongly favors capital punishment.

The Empress of Germany has received a necklace valued at \$150,000, the gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

The Emperor of Germany, it is said, does not intend to pay a visit to London during his stay in England.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is going abroad in June, and is said to have accepted a position in a young women's boarding school in London.

Lord Tennyson is now in much better health than for a long time past. The question as to who his successor in the laureateship will be furnishes a theme for much speculation. Though the duties of the laureate are not overrun, his equal as a poet has not yet turned up.

It is said that M. Gounod, the composer, who is a man of intense religious convictions, once spent an hour upon his knees praying for the conversion of Sarah Bernhardt, in that lady's presence. Sarah's response was short but not very sweet, and at last she had to turn him out of her house.

Lady Colin Campbell is about to publish a novel which is expected to create a sensation, as it is said that not only will certain literary and political circles be portrayed but that certain prominent people will be sketched with sufficient accuracy to be recognized by those familiar with them. Lady Colin is spoken of as a delightful writer.

There is a little green mound and humble marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein Cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, "Daring Nellie Gray." A visitor to that spot learns from the inscription on the stone that it is the last resting place of Benjamin Russell Hanby.

With a touch of, perhaps, unintentional satire, Lady Randolph Churchill, in complimenting Russian ladies upon their brilliant conversational and social talents, says that their society acts like a tonic upon minds accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. Can Lady Randolph mean mental and physical, or is her estimate of the morals of Mayfair really as low as it would seem?

Among the Queen's birthday presents this year was a bouquet of orchids of such rare and beautiful species, that its value—although not a very large posy—was something enormous. One authority declares that this bunch of flowers was priced at two thousand pounds! Anyway, it pleased the Queen immensely, for Her Majesty likes orchids and is by no means insensible to the gratification of receiving gifts beyond purchase for an ordinary birthday heroine.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales an American newspaper man now in London says: "Personally there is not a better fellow walking on Broadway. He is an all-around man, and his accurate knowledge of all sorts of subjects is simply phenomenal. Talk with him on yachting, hunting, sport of any kind, the theater, current literature or art, and he is thoroughly posted. Home and foreign politics he has at his fingers' ends, and he knows what is going on all over the world. He would make an ideal editor. He's an indefatigable worker and he'd be a whole staff in himself."

Count Tolstol, the Russian author, like Mark Twain, can't write in a fixed-up room. His study is devoid of carpets, paintings or statuary. An old lounge, two unpretentious tables littered with manuscripts of all kinds, and two stiff-backed chairs constitute the only furniture in the room. The room is divided into two compartments by an unpainted wooden partition, which runs half way up to the ceiling, and from which depend two wooden rakes—used by Tolstol in his garden. In one corner stands a wooden spade—above it, hanging from a wooden peg, Tolstol's great overcoat.

An English paper recalls the following story of an ex Governor-General: Lord Dufferin, to whom such a brilliant reception was given the other day in the city, is one of the few English noblemen who can justly lay claim to the possession of that most valuable of gifts—tact. Tact he has, and the Canadians still laugh over a little incident that brought that quality to the fore while he was their Governor-General. The fishery difficulty was at that time a burning question between Canada and the United States and just then they were coming dangerously near to blows. Lord Dufferin chose this moment for paying a friendly visit to the States, where he soon contrived to win golden opinions on all sides. Upon his return, Canadian politicians flocked eagerly around him, inquiring what the Americans had said about the fisheries. The Governor-General looked at them in profound astonishment, and solemnly replied, "Fisheries! You do not suppose I went there to discuss fisheries? Gentlemen, I assure you, so careful was I to avoid the very name that, during the whole time I was in the States, I declined taking fish at dinner."

Lord Brassey has just fitted up a most interesting room in his house with a collection of the valuable curiosities gathered by him and Lady Brassey during their voyage around the world in the Sunbeam. The decorations and panelings of the room are made of sandal wood and teak. The room is deliciously fragrant, while the subdued colors of the walls and aisles form a beautiful background. The collection of shells and seaweed and treasures of the deep is perhaps the most interesting of all, and the electric light is arranged so as to shine behind large pieces of coral, delicate shells and transparent seaweed, giving them a peculiarly beautiful and fairylike appearance. The wonderful feather cloak given to Lady Brassey in the Sandwich Islands is also exhibited, the only other one in existence being the one given to Captain Cook, and now in the British Museum. The museum is intended to be a memorial of Lady Brassey, who collected most of the things, which she always hoped some day to have gathered together in London, where they would be an interest and amusement to many people—rich and poor—to whom she was so good a friend.

A Study in Black and White.

For Saturday Night.

Did any of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT ever attempt the study of the manifold peculiarities of those ebony essences of politeness, the porters on a first class train? If not, they should, for there are dark fields to be explored, and the performance is sure to prove highly interesting. With Stanley hunting for something unknown to the world generally, but mighty apt to be beneficial to Stanley; with Stevens hunting Stanley, and the New York *World* hunting notoriety aided by Stanley, Stevens, and circumstances, African exploration is certainly in order, and there are portions of Africa to be found on the different railroads that will give an ordinary person all the exploring he can attend to without neglecting his other business. These Afro-Canadian officials are a marvel. Where they get their inexhaustible stock of politeness and even temper has always been a puzzle to me, and how they get it inside of their clothes without crowding out the rest of 'em is a still greater one. Ask one of them anything you will, no matter whether he, or for that matter you, know what the question means, and it's ten to one the answer will be "Yes sir," accompanied with an inimitable sort of salute known only to your polite negro. He may vary the reply, but only to "Yes, madam," when the salute is still more pronounced. In fact they have a stock of graded salutes, according to sex, rank, or appearance—if the latter happens to be rank it is a jerk that takes the nerve out of a man as quick as a hangman's rope. They are wonderful judges of character, and can hit a fellow-creature's weak spot with an accuracy that would put Cupid to the blush, and they are, withal, as urbane as a Chinese idol. If you think an Ethiopian can't change his spots, notice him when he spots your fancied weak points and finds out he's made a mistake—he can change spots, or anything but a quarter of a dollar after he's brushed you down in the morning. And then the magnificent manner in which he magnetizes you for 25c worth after he has given the last flourish with his brush. He never says a word except, "Thank you, sir," and he has to say that nine times out of ten attempts. He comes with a hardly perceptible flash to the "ready," as the brush makes the last sweep; but he never extends his hand until you offer the quarter. That would be altogether bad form. He just looks at you with a look that burns the fact into your soul that you're a "Geman if you do, and you're no good if you don't;" and if the quarter is not yielded up, you go away feeling mean all through, and if you give it to him—he earned it. He made up your berth, cleaned your boots properly, rubbed you down in the morning and attended to all your wants, or would have done so had you asked him, and done it pleasantly, and the quarter is richly deserved. He is great on any of the short runs, but he is n astodon on an extended trip, say across the continent with an undying envy.

know about them. Something in the grass no doubt, so to speak, "brought back his bunny to him," for presently he began and unfolded a tale about rabbits and their ways the like of which was never dreamed of by the most rabid romancer that ever burrowed into the mysteries of nature. Everything was warrened too, and as he waxed eloquent upon "de length ob de years, an' how skeerful dey were," etc., I just drew a picture of a pair of his rabbits for the benefit of science.

"I sed a pitter-book 'bout little Yed Yiding-hood an' a wolf."

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Once again a thumb-nail sketch secured the undying image of the wolf as painted by the master hand, and then I waited for more. I had not long to wait. A great white bird with ebony pinions rose from small lake and flapped heavily away to a quieter locality.

"Kwick, Miss Lily, look out dar! See dat burd? Dat's a pelly-kun!"

Then followed another eloquent dissertation upon the craftiness and peculiarities of the pelican. How he was an astute fowl that never checked his valise but always carried it with him; how he sat by the lake and grabbed unwary fish, eat what he could and packed away the balance in his "grip" for another time, and a lot more interesting things, calculated to fill the child with delight and Ananias with an undying envy.



At a little way-side station a cowboy rode up upon a lively mustang and the sight of him evidently turned the sable oracle's thoughts into another channel, for as soon as we were fairly under weigh he rode a race with fancy and detailed an old-time experience of his, before cowboys had got used to colored porters.

"Dey am ter'ble, shuan 'nuff! One frowned his lasso fo' me once, jus' fo' a lark, an drug me acrass de prairie. Doant yo' neber marry no cowboy, Miss Lily, doant yo', honest, dey ain't fit to live, dey ain't!"



And so it went on until finally the end of our trip was reached. The child was packed so full of interesting information that I doubt if they ever got her clothes off whole, though certainly "whole cloth" had been the rule. She cried lustily when she parted with her counselor and friend, and the last seen of him he was leaning resignedly upon a handy support, with a well-earned guerdon in his pocket and one of Lily's father's cigars between his teeth, possibly cogitating upon the chances for the homeward journey. His trip was done, and his duty likewise up to date.



he's your grandfather, or your uncle, or whoever has your well—fate most at heart, he knows just what you like and just what you don't like, and you'll have one or other, with a certainty of the former, if you treat him half decently. On such trips there are sure to be children aboard, and with them he is omnipotent, a pillar of cloud by day to guide them aright, and he can tell the youngsters more yarns than could be unraveled out of sixteen pairs of old socks. His sweetness of temper and smooth way of doing things fascinate the little ones in brief order and they stick to him like flies to black molasses. I took observations of the proceedings of one of these gentlemen not long since and derived a heap of fun out of the experience. A little girl was very restless and troublesome, but after he once brought his mesmerism to bear she was perfectly enchanted.

He was a fountain of the knowledge her young soul thirsted for and after the first taste she drank eagerly. I confess that this particular fountain "played a bit," as fountains are wont to do, but it scored an unequalled success to the intense satisfaction of the entire car.



"I dot a pet wabbit at 'ome!"
"Deed yo' has, Miss Lily, deed yo' has."
"Tell me story about wabbits."

Then he looked out over the boundless prairie while he mused on what he might happen to

know about them. Something in the grass no doubt, so to speak, "brought back his bunny to him," for presently he began and unfolded a tale about rabbits and their ways the like of which was never dreamed of by the most rabid romancer that ever burrowed into the mysteries of nature. Everything was warrened too, and as he waxed eloquent upon "de length ob de years, an' how skeerful dey were," etc., I just drew a picture of a pair of his rabbits for the benefit of science.

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XIII.

On seeing Tom Darley Kathleen's first impulse was flight. She turned with a smothered cry, and ran along the terrace towards a side-door which opened into the garden. But in a few strides Darley had caught her up, and, seizing her white arm, held it fast in a grip of iron. She stood still, pale, breathless and panting.

"Why do you run away, Kathie? Are you afraid of me?"

"Leave go of me, Tom!" she cried, struggling free herself from his grasp. "You hurt me."

"Will you stay, then, and listen to me?"

"Yes, I will stay; but you can have nothing to say to me. Why do you persecute me?"

"Nothing to say to you, Kathie! What-not when we shall be married so soon?"

She shivered, not with cold, but with repulsion and disgust.

"Tom," she cried, "why do you talk so foolishly? You must see how things are changed. In the old days I was just like one of the village girls, and I did not know that I was different from any of them. Now it is all altered, and I am in a different position. Can not you give up this foolish idea? I have never thought about marrying you lately. My father would disown me; I myself should be unsuited to you—"

Then a passion of rage swept over his dark rough face, his features worked convulsively, his eyes glared at her with a look of madness. Tom Darley had brooded over this one thought so long, had hankered so incessantly for the one thing on earth he loved, that the fierce hunger of his soul had well-nigh unsettled his mind with its fury of unsatisfied desire.

She shrank away from him, terrified at the result of her words. He caught her again by the wrist, and dragged her towards him roughly.

"And you dare to say that I—me—you dare to tell me that, Kathie—to show me how base and base your heart must be! Is it that have changed?—that you have changed because you love money and luxury, and these wretched silks and jewels that you are decked in? It's the money that has changed you and spoilt your love for the honest man who has cared for you since you was a baby-girl!"

"Oh, no, no, Tom—it's not that indeed!"

"I might have guessed it. You never wrote to me, nor yet to them as was as good as a father and mother to you, and who are dead and gone."

"I did write once to them, Tom. I was forbidden to write to them; but I managed to do so once. I got no answer, however; and I was dreadfully sorry when I heard of their death. But why should I have written to you?"

"What—not to your lover?"

"Tom, you cannot be my lover! It is impossible—I cannot marry you!" she found courage to say.

"What—you disown your promise then? Did you not get the flower that you gave me?—that was to be the token and sign betwixt us? Did that lady give it to you safe?"

"Yes, I got it. But, Tom, that makes no difference, I—I really cannot marry you! Do give it up."

"Then, see how it is with you," he said, flinging away her hand—"there is another man who has come between us! I've thought as much when I watched you riding side by side, bending and stooping your heads together, Kathie, as there is a Heaven above us, I'll kill the man that has taken you from me!"

She trembled in every limb.

"No, no, Tom—there is nobody—nobody at all—you are mistaken! There is no one at all, Tom! If you would only be reasonable and understand—"

She wrung her hands distractedly together; it seemed her best, sooner than bring down this terrible man's revenge upon the man she loved, it would be better for her to make any terms with him—to agree to any fate however dreadful. For that it was Adrian with whom Tom had seen her, it never for one moment occurred to her to doubt. She knew he had seen them together from behind the shelter of the old iron gates on that eventful moonlit night three years before; she believed that he must have recognized him at once when he had lingered by her side in the hunting-field. Her guilty heart told her that Sir Adrian alone of the world who was dear to her, and no other man came for one moment into her thoughts. Her fear for the man she loved made her utterly reckless with regard to everything else. For a few moments she stood silent; it passed rapidly through her mind that Adrian could never be hers—that a guilt wider than death itself parted her forever from him—that her love was hopeless, that she had no real reason to believe that it was returned, although at the bottom of her heart she could not help fancying that he was not indifferent to her. Whether she would marry him or not seemed pretty certain that he would marry her, and that within a very short time, too.

"What?" cried the girl to herself, "does it matter what happens to me? So long as he is safe and happy, what does any fate that may befall me signify? From the hour he is married my life ends, and, so long as I can avert evil from his dear head, I care not what misery I bring upon myself!" There was even something fascinating to her in the thought of sacrificing herself for him. He would never know it, but, all the same, he would owe his life to her. A sudden calm fell on her—the calm of despair.

"Look here, Tom," she said quietly—"did you not promise that you would not trouble me until I was one-and-twenty? It wants three months yet to my birthday; it is you therefore who are breaking the contract between us. I am still under age—I can do nothing. Go away quietly, and don't come back to Clortell Towers until I am twenty-one."

"And then you will marry me?" he cried eagerly and gladly.

"And then I will tell my father of my promise to you."

"And you will be my wife!"

He heard a faint sound behind her. Turning her head rapidly, she saw, to her dismay, Sir Adrian Deverell come out on to the far end of the terrace in the moonlight and advance slowly towards them. He carried a cloak over his arm. She guessed that he was looking for her.

Tom did not see him. His eyes lit with a burning passion that fired every nerve in his being, were fixed upon Kathleen's face—they seemed to be pouring her fair beauty; he saw nothing but her—had no ears for anything save for her words.

"You will marry me then—you will swear it to me!" he persisted.

She heard the distant footstep draw nearer and nearer, every one more distinct than the last in the silence of the frosty air; in another moment not all Tom's absorption in herself would prevent him from becoming aware of his approach. As yet Tom had not seen him; and Adrian, still on the further side of the terrace, had not caught sight of the two figures, who, as they talked had never moved from their position. A perfect panic of terror and despair took possession of her. What catastrophe might a meeting between these two men bring about? What ghastly tragedy might there not be enacted, under her very eyes, upon the steps of her father's house? For all that she knew, Darley was armed and ready to carry out his murderous threats at a moment's notice; whilst Adrian, in his light evening dress-suit, unprotected and unarmed, might in one moment fall an easy victim to his ferocity.

She took Darley by the shoulders, and with

all her strength pushed him still farther away, standing herself before him so that her face showed through the advancing figure behind.

"If you will go now," she cried—"now—this very moment—and not return till my birthday and not trouble me any more, I will swear anything that will swear to be my wife?"

"Yes, yes—anything you like! Only go, go—now—this moment! Turn round where you are without another word, another look, and go!"

"Swear to be my wife!" he repeated, scarcely believing the evidence of his own ears, and that she of her own free will was binding her self anew to him.

"Will you stay, then, and listen to me?"

"Yes, I will stay; but you can have nothing to say to me. Why do you persecute me?"

"Nothing to say to you, Kathie! What—not when we shall be married so soon?"

She shivered, not with cold, but with repulsion and disgust.

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With a short laugh of triumph, Tom Darley turned round without another word, ran down the steps behind him, and disappeared into the deep shadow of the garden.

And those two last sentences—that last question and that last answer—had been overheard with perfect distinctness by Sir Adrian Deverell.

"I fear that I have interrupted an interview of great interest," he began, with cold and distinct politeness; then, suddenly seeing how her slender form swayed, and how she caught at the low wall of the terrace for support, and how she sank back against it, trembling from head to foot, his voice and manner changed, and he exclaimed impetuously, "Good heavens, Kathleen, what has happened to you? What is the matter? And, child, what induced you stand talking out here with nothing on your neck and shoulders?"

He flung the cloak he carried—which he had brought out on purpose fearing that in his agitation she might have run out unprotected into the bright air around her, wrapped it closely about her, and holding it with his hands tightly around her shoulders.

"You will catch your death of cold, child! Come in at once!"

Close beside them there was a small side-door, which was frequently left unfastened until a late hour. He opened it, and drew her hastily into the house. On the right of the narrow passage into which it led was a small old-fashioned room which had been once used as a kind of play-room by the dear son of the house. He had now accustomed to sit here and amuse himself with carpentering and caravans. Now it was seldom if ever entered. There was no fire; but, after the cold without, it felt warm and comfortable. Adrian struck a match and lit the candles on the mantelpiece. The small room was plainly furnished. There were bookcases all around the walls, a deal table in the center, and two or three straight-backed chairs. Kathleen sank down upon one of them, holding him close, and murmuring softly, "It is the money that has changed you and spoilt your love for the honest man who has cared for you since you was a baby-girl!"

"Oh, no, no, Tom—it's not that indeed!"

"I might have guessed it. You never wrote to me, nor yet to them as was as good as a father and mother to you, and who are dead and gone."

"I did write once to them, Tom. I was forbidden to write to them; but I managed to do so once. I got no answer, however; and I was dreadfully sorry when I heard of their death. But why should I have written to you?"

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"Then, see how it is with you," he said, flinging away her hand—"there is another man who has come between us! I've thought as much when I watched you riding side by side, bending and stooping your heads together, Kathie, as there is a Heaven above us, I'll kill the man that has taken you from me!"

She trembled in every limb.

"No, no, Tom—there is nobody—nobody at all—you are mistaken! There is no one at all, Tom! If you would only be reasonable and understand—"

She wrung her hands distractedly together; it seemed her best, sooner than bring down this terrible man's revenge upon the man she loved, it would be better for her to make any terms with him—to agree to any fate however dreadful.

For that it was Adrian with whom Tom had seen her, it never for one moment occurred to her to doubt. She knew he had seen them together from behind the shelter of the old iron gates on that eventful moonlit night three years before; she believed that he must have recognized him at once when he had lingered by her side in the hunting-field. Her guilty heart told her that Sir Adrian alone of the world who was dear to her, and no other man came for one moment into her thoughts. Her fear for the man she loved made her utterly reckless with regard to everything else. For a few moments she stood silent; it passed rapidly through her mind that Adrian could never be hers—that a guilt wider than death itself parted her forever from him—or that her love was hopeless, that she had no real reason to believe that it was returned, although at the bottom of her heart she could not help fancying that he was not indifferent to her. Whether she would marry him or not seemed pretty certain that he would marry her, and that within a very short time, too.

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He laid her down upon the table before her. She raised her head for one moment and looked at them dully and vacantly, as though she saw them for the first time; then she dropped her head down again upon her bent arms.

"I cannot explain what they mean," she said, after a minute or two.

Adrian stood by her side, holding her hand.

"I have thought of that, sir," responded the young man, with deep emotion; "and it occurred to me that if Clara should be unhappy we could live with you until I should be able to care out fame and fortune worthy of the beautiful girl whom I adore."

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CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Lady Adela threw back her head haughtily; there was an angry flush in her eyes and the resentful blood rushed hotly into her cheeks.

"You heard, Lady Oldcastle," she said coldly. "Besides"—she drew a little nearer to her lover with a gesture infinitely pretty, it was so womanly, so loving, so proud—"you can see it is true."

Lady Oldcastle's eyes drooped, and from beneath their lids she glared at her son.

"You have kept your secret well, Guy," she said icily. "How long, may I ask, has this engagement existed without my knowledge?"

"You are mistaken, mother," Sir Guy returned, preserving his composed manner. "There has been no secret, no attempt at secrecy. Until yesterday there was nothing to tell. You would have known then but for Adela's wish. As I have no doubt you overheard me say 'you'—indeed, 'we'—was what you had expected to tell you at the first opportunity. You anticipated me only by a very few minutes."

He hesitated for a moment, and then there were traces of stronger emotion in his voice than his mother had ever heard in it before he moved a pace towards her.

"Mother," he said pleadingly, "I am your son; this is the great happiness of my life, as it is the first I have ever known. Surely you give me your good wishes upon it?"

Lady Oldcastle was blind to his movement, deaf to his voice. She moved a little towards the door, and looked at the girl.

"Lady Adela," she said coolly, "you will understand that I intend no indiscretions towards you in saying that I consider this engagement to be the concern of Lady Nugent and your guardian. Until it is known to them and approved of by them, you must pardon me if I decline to express my opinion upon it because I am great, my excessive surprise. I will only add that personally you have my good wishes. Once more, I intend no remissness towards you in taking the course which it appears to me to be right to take."

She left the room. Adela stood scarlet, panting, too bewildered by a tumult of mingled anger and pain either to move or speak. The coldly formal apology addressed to her self-willed nothing—she had hardly heard it—but, oh, the coldness with which he had ignored his appeal, which had deliberately passed him by! Oh, it was wicked, she thought, clutching her little hands as though it had fastened upon a weapon.

of the house, and disappeared in the thick shrubbery beyond.

Footsteps and voices were audible presently; approaching shadows fell across the band of light streaming out of the open door. Mrs. Uglov's black eyes peered out from the surrounding green. All unconsciously of her, she passed Lady Adela and Sir Guy, their girl's sweet laugh ringing out blithely, his deeper and stronger, responding not less blithely. It was too dark for their faces to be visible, but it could be seen that his arm was round her, and that her cheek lightly touched his shoulder as they walked. They could be nothing less than lovers. A deaf man would have known it by their attitude; a blind man would have known it by their soft-whispered talk. Mrs. Uglov moved coolly under a curve of the path behind them, and then came suddenly upon her ambush. She had seen and heard exactly what she had expected to see and hear, and quite enough. It was the clue to the passionate words which she had heard as she stood unseen by her mistress' door.

"Could you but come between them!" she muttered, looking in the direction in which the lovers had disappeared. "Could you but prevent the son you hate from standing in the way of the son whom you—ay, and I love! No, my dear Oldcastle, you cannot do it. Maybe you even don't know it. But perhaps I can. Perhaps the means are in my power. A little time—"

She pried about her own amusement and satisfaction, until the last letter was completed, and each was being put into its envelope. Then she came and leaned her folded arms upon his chair-back again, looking over his shoulder, and then upon his fingers. Now she suddenly pressed her soft little palm upon the two deep lines between his brows, as though she would have pressed and smoothed them away.

"I don't like these lines," she said decisively, with a sympathetic involuntary wrinkling of her own pretty forehead. "You have no right to them for twenty years yet. I've always wanted to take them away."

"Have you? Come here where I can see you. Do you think I'm content to have you out of sight?" He put his arm round her and drew her down so that she sat lightly perched on the broad arm of his chair. "How would you do it?"

"How?" She pressed a light fond kiss where her hand had rested. "Why, so, of course! Don't you know how you got them?"

"Too many books, perhaps, love."

"No—not kisses enough!" The soft laugh she gave was rather tremulous, and her lips were not very well under control for a moment.

"Guy"—her voice sank nearly to a whisper—"tell me something, will you?"

"Anything, my darling."

"That's rather rash; but you can tell me this, if you will, and I should like to quite understand. Why wouldn't you speak to me?"

"Does that puzzle you?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, dreadfully; of course it does. You see, she went on, bending her head so that her face was not easy to see, "when I came here first of all, it was not quite certain for a little while—I liked you or not—but I was inclined to think I didn't. Then, in another while, I thought I did. Then I began to understand that you were different from me—from any one else in the world, and couldn't help seeing that you were getting to care for me too. And that you seemed cold and avoided me, and it made me dreadfully miserable because I couldn't understand; and I don't understand now."

"You shall understand now, my dearest," he answered quietly, "although just let me say that I had meant to keep my secret better. Certainly I had no idea that you ever suspected far less knew."

"I doubly blind, you see." He turned his face towards her, looking into the sweet earnest eyes. "You say it makes you unhappy, Adela. Nor as cruelly, hopelessly unhappy, I hope, as it made me. Why did I not speak? I had no thought of speaking—no thought of doing anything but enduring as best I might. The last thought that ever occurred to me was the thought that it was possible for me to win your love. I never hoped it. I had won no love from others all my life," he said, looking away from her, as though it pained him.

"I am not disappointed but by far."

"O, hush!" she cried, and met him with her arms about his neck, and pressing her cheek to his.

"Don't speak of it—it don't think of it. Why should you?"

"I am not hurt but you know well that Lady Adela would not like me to be your wife. Atone to me!" Her voice sank to a fond whisper tremulous in its intense earnestness.

"Darkest, it is I who will atone to you. I will love you so dearly that you shall forget all this—so dear that you shall want no love but mine. What does it matter who is cold to us, what does it matter who turns against us, so long as we have each other?"

"Nothing, to me!" he said, with a deep breath, tightening his arms about her as he kissed the sweet eyes which he knew were wet with tears shed for him. "I wonder if you quite realize how we're both?" You? We're both, we're both! You? You are the very angel of my life, Adela!"

She knew it as well as she knew that each beat of her own heart was for him, and answered only by a little fond confiding movement of her head against his shoulder.

"We ought to love each other very dearly, Guy," she said, looking at him wistfully in the gloom, "for, saving each other, there is no one who cares for us very much, I think, either among your kindred or mine."

Lady Oldcastle had gone straight to her own room. Instinct rather than any defined motive had taken her there. She was hardly mistress of herself as she swept up and down their luxurious length, flinging wide open the doors as she went. Without knowing it, her hand had slipped from the tastefully-drawn lace about her throat and wrenched the delicate threads; without knowing it, her fingers were busy with the pins that confined her luxuriant hair, until it was plucked down and streaming over her shoulders, beautiful as a girl's in its silken profusion. Then she dropped into a chair, and sat with eyes fixed upon the floor, as she tried to ponder what she had just heard.

Adela and Guy! Duke had been right then. He had feared this, suspected it, and she—he had derided it, contemptuously set it aside as unworthy of a thought, laughed it to scorn. That Guy should win the game that Duke had set himself to win, that he should be the chosen husband of the woman whom all others had desired to be Duke's wife! Was the girl bewitched? Is Duke a spook? But one thing, she thought, could make her disappointed keenness more bitter, and that was to know that Duke had spoken and been rejected for his brother. That Guy should win! She had never thought of his marrying, never believed that he would marry. Now he would have children, would hold the Towers and all that was in it and of it with a threefold grip. She would see him happy, beloved, flaunting his triumph in her face. Her hatred would be impotent before the charm of his wife's smile. He'd win, and she was baffled, helpless!

Lady Oldcastle sprang to her feet, clutching her hands.

"What did you come for then?" he asked, amazed.

How delightful she was! he thought. Pen-sive or merry, grave or smiling, how delightful and sweet she was! The girl's frank, unassuming, the austerity, which had gradually grown to be almost a second nature to him, were vanquished by the mere charm of her presence. Youth's longing for youth's delights had not been stamped out of him, but crushed down by the harsh and unloving experiences of his life. Always an object of barely concealed aversion to his mother, his father's absolute indifference had been shown even more plainly. So, as he grew older, and his impressions instead of fading had become deeper, it was but natural for the boy to become firmly fixed in his mind, that, as those of his kindred regarded him, so the rest of the world did.

The only reply that seemed possible to the tender question in the bright upraised face and eyes was a kiss and a tightening of his clasp about her waist as she still sat perched lightly on his chair-arm.

"Even a little! Once, Adela—or I was foolish enough to fancy so for a moment, as I told myself afterwards, and—

"And made yourself miserable and spoilt your life for ever!" she snatched it with a lighted laugh. "No, I shall not tell you when I was; I'll tell you, I have always remembered the night after your brother came home just because of that. I knew I had let you see, and I cried afterwards up in my room like a goose, because I had never felt quite sure before that you cared for me. But I knew it then just as well as I know it now, and was angry with myself because I had run away. But we oughtn't to have got fond of each other so quickly as that, you know;" and she looked up with a weary, half-ragged, admiringly. "It's enough to have taken quite three times as long just to think about it. And so I didn't call yourself a fool afterwards! Ah, did you think that I would offer to go with one else to the end of the world?"

She had charmed his graver mood away again in a moment. There was no trace of it upon his face as he turned, smiling, to look at her.

"Even a little! Once, Adela—or I was foolish enough to fancy so for a moment, as I told myself afterwards, and—

"And made yourself miserable and spoilt your life for ever!" she snatched it with a lighted laugh. "No, I shall not tell you when I was; I'll tell you, I have always remembered the night after your brother came home just because of that. I knew I had let you see, and I cried afterwards up in my room like a goose, because I had never felt quite sure before that you cared for me. But I knew it then just as well as I know it now, and was angry with myself because I had run away. But we oughtn't to have got fond of each other so quickly as that, you know;" and she looked up with a weary, half-ragged, admiringly. "It's enough to have taken quite three times as long just to think about it. And so I didn't call yourself a fool afterwards! Ah, did you think that I would offer to go with one else to the end of the world?"

The girl's eyes were wide, her hands clasped about his neck, her lips parted, her breath coming in short, rapid, nervous gasps.

"I told you you would soon be able to pay compliments if you tried," said the girl placidly over his shoulder. "That's a very nice one for a novice. If you keep me here like this, I shall read every line of that letter."

The only reply that seemed possible to the tender question in the bright upraised face and eyes was a kiss and a tightening of his clasp about her waist as she still sat perched lightly on his chair-arm.

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BARRIE.

After tennis last Tuesday a number were invited to Mrs. Campbell's of Boulderfield, where a most delightful evening was spent. Dancing was enjoyed by all, and kept up until the small hours. The tennis costumes worn by some of the ladies and gentlemen were very becoming, and gave quite a pretty and novel effect in the spacious and well-lighted room. The following were present: Mrs. J. Sanford, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Mrs. F. E. Johnson of Toronto, Miss Ruth of California, Miss Kortright, Miss Hewett, Miss Reiner, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. C. Ardagh, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Mason, Miss B. Mason, Mr. T. R. Boys, Miss Hornsby, Miss Schreiber and Mr. B. Schreiber, Mr. Gillett, Miss Cotter, Miss H. Johnson of Dunnville, Miss Stewart, the Misses Bird, Mr. E. Bird, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. B. Leefe, Miss T. Mason, Mr. F. H. Launder, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, the Misses Baker, Mr. G. H. Fraser, Mr. A. Gile, Mr. W. H. B. Spottow, Mr. R. Andros, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Percy Kortright, Mr. H. C. Crease.

Mrs. Ed. Andros and child of St. Catharines are spending a few weeks in town with Mrs. Andros of Normandale.

Miss May Spy left last week for a lengthy visit to relatives in Windsor and other places.

Mr. Arthur Ardagh of Winnipeg is in town.

Miss Chapman of Hamilton is visiting at Mrs. Dymont's.

Mr. Philip DuMoulin of Toronto was in town last week.

Mrs. Robin H. Temple of Toronto, who has been spending a few weeks here with relatives, returned home this week.

OCULARE
PARKHILL.

An event, which set society in a flutter, took place at St. James' Church here, on June 10. It was the marriage of Agnes Caw, younger daughter of our postmaster, Mr. John Noble, to Mr. Henry R. Hale, formerly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and now with Irwin, Green & Co., Chicago. The bride, who was attired in her traveling dress, was attended by her cousin, Miss Katrina McLeod, and Mr. A. E. Nesbitt, Confederation Life Association, Toronto, cousin of the groom, was best man. Mr. C. I. Noble, Canadian Bank of Commerce, London, and Mr. J. W. H. Smythe, Canadian Bankers' Conference, Berlin, officiated as ushers. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. M. J. Freeman, assisted by Rev. Geo. Sanborne of Hartford, Conn., uncle of the bride. After the ceremony the guests partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's father. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sanborne of Hartford, Conn., Miss Sanborne of Port Huron, Mr. Colin and Miss Clara Noble of Quebec, Mrs. Brown of Ingersoll, Mrs. Malloy and Mr. Noble of London, Mr. and Mrs. Turner of Toronto, Mr. John F. Hale of Oakville. A number of telegrams of congratulation were received from friends in Montreal, Chicago, Oshawa, Mount Vernon, Washington and other points. The happy couple soon embarked for home. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for Chicago, their future home, followed by showers of rice from a large party of friends assembled to see them off. The town band played some selections as the train moved out.

MARKDALE.

The Bachelors' Lawn Tennis Club of Markdale made organization on Wednesday, June 12, electing the following gentlemen to fill their respective offices for the ensuing year, viz.: J. H. Guion, president; Dr. Ezo, vice-president; W. Turner, sec. treasurer; P. McCullough, C. H. Lawrence and W. L. McFarland, executive committee. After the election of officers they held a formal opening on the grounds of Mr. W. L. Young, banker. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Young, the president of the club, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Miss H. Bent, Miss Bowes, Miss Bazing, Miss Campbell, Miss Douglass, Miss Ford, Miss Lyons, the Misses Mathews, Miss McNea, Miss Minnie McNea, Miss McKenzie, Miss Rose of Toronto, Miss Steer, Miss Young, Misses I. B. Lucas of Alvinston, Douglass, Sprout, Sproule, Ford, Armstrong, Jackson, Moffat, Cassin.

OBSERVER.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Monday afternoon, were brilliantly successful. A special train from Toronto landed four or five hundred guests at the college gates. Scattered over the wide spreading lawns surrounding the spacious structure, as spacious as though its grand salons and spacious corridors, the visitors were thoroughly delighted. Delicous refreshments were served in a grove to the south of the campus. The gymnasium, a large, new building recently erected, for the physical culture of the students, was filled to overflowing during the musical recital, conferring of degrees and presentation of medals. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the college director of music, had charge of that part of the program. Very pretty, indeed, looked the hundred or so "sweet girls" graduated with their golden hair, as they entered the hall, a stream of soft white muslin, creamy cashmere, June roses and maiden trepidation sweeping between the ranks of visitors in varicolored spring gowns and gay bonnets. Prominent on the platform were Hon. G. W. Mrs. and Miss Ross, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Drury.

Though Changed He Knew Him.
Henry Clay once invaded the bluegrass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at his destination, touch-looking specimens, evidently in the shape of whiskykins, stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back and said in souther vernacular:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay!"
The great man shook his head and replied: "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and was smooth-faced—oh!"

"That's right."

"You're not then a cyclops, but had two white eyes—oh!"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is—Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, suah."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly, and," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."

A Thoughtful Friend.

"Who was that you bowed to on the car?" she asked of her friends as they stood in a store door on Woodward avenue.

"It's Katie."

"How sweet she looks back."

"Yes, she loves each other dearly. When her father died last year I was the only friend she had thoughtful enough to count the carriages and tell her there were forty-seven."

Too Late.

Confidence Man—I should like to see Mr. Hayseed of Hayesville.

Hotel Clerk—He is over there at the cashier's desk, paying his bill.

Confidence Man (sadly)—I'm too late!

Wanted a Change.

Walter (at club restaurant)—Ready with your order, sir?

City Sportsman (back from a week's fishing)—Give me some fish; I'm tired to death of other things.

CLEVELAND'S**Lake Rosseau - Muskoka**

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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TO

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Return Tickets, Including Admission to the Concert, \$1.

One of the above steamers will be specially engaged to return to the city immediately after the close of the concert or about 9 p.m., and arrangements made to have street cars for all parts of the city, to be at the foot of Yonge street, on the arrival of the boat.

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NEWLY ERECTED 1889

WILL OPEN ABOUT JULY 1

INCORPORATORS OF THE P. L. H. CO.—The Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Ex-Lieutenant Governor, Ont.; Mr. J. J. Mason, Ex-Mayor, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. Wm. Moore Kelly, Mr. Walter Keating, Mr. Charles Beck, Mr. Wm. McMaster Thompson, Mr. Harry Jennings, Penetanguishene.

OFFICERS FOR 1889—Mr. Wm. Moore Kelly, President; Mr. David Davidson, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Walter Keating, Managing Director; Mr. Jamie Wynne, Mr. A. J. Chaine, Mr. Harry Jennings, Mr. Albert M. Keating, Directors.

The hotel grounds have a frontage of between 1600 and 1700 feet on the water. The grounds are high and dry, sloping to the water's edge, and are covered almost throughout with beautifully diversified trees running from the original forest basswood and oak trees to second growth pine, oak, maple and birch. The shore makes an unrivaled bathing ground, the bottom being clean white sand. The water of Lake Huron is perfectly pure and uncontaminated. The hillsides have abundance of the finest spring water.

The beautiful and picturesque building erected by the Lakeside Hotel Company in the center of their park and only about fifty feet distant from the water's edge, is without question the pleasantest summer hotel that can be found on the Canadian Lakes. The building has a frontage of 230 feet on the water, verandahs on each story, is only two stories high and has a porch for ten persons, a large sitting room, a dining room 100 feet in height, give it a handsome appearance and afford wonderful views. The house is arranged so as to make a comfortable home for the guests, and it is intended to make this the main effort of the management. The drainage and plumbing have been carried out with the most scrupulous care, and pure air and pure water can be guaranteed. The house can accommodate 200

Every facility for boating and bathing will be afforded the guests—wharf accommodation for small and large boats immediately in front of the hotel.

"THE PENETANGUISHENE" will be conducted under the immediate control of the Directors of the Lakeside Hotel Co. An efficient staff, including a first-class man-cook and his assistant, has been engaged that will insure the comfort of the guests.

ADDRESS: THE SECRETARY P. L. H. CO., Penetanguishene, Ont.



The Queen's Royal—Looking Through Gateway of Fort Niagara, N. Y.

Opened for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests.

For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,
The Queen's, Toronto.

Love's Bondage Lifted.

They had been engaged a week. Together they had been to see Little Lord Fauntleroy, and were returning to Brooklyn on a bridge train. When the train stopped Angelina got up and walked to the front of the car, thinking that Algernon was close behind. Algernon walked to the rear door, thinking that Angelina was tripping along at his elbow. Two blank faces, a hasty search and a meeting on the platform.

"I thought, Algernon, that of course you would follow me!"

"And I thought, Angelina, that of course you would follow me!"

Both fell to meditating as they walked down the passage way and took a Kings county elevated train. When Vanderbilts bus was passed Angelina at last broke the silence.

"Perhaps Algernon—we—we—might—not—"

"Don't you think you had better take it back?" and she pulled a dainty little ring from her finger.

Algernon hesitated. The train began to slacken speed for Franklin avenue. Then he took the ring in an absent-minded way as they both arose. "It's so much better," Angelina added, softly, "that we should find out in time," and they disappeared through the door.

The Beauty of Silence.

"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!"

And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

He Wanted to See the Giant.



Policeman (to newly-arrived Hibernian, who has been standing for an hour in above position)—Come, move on, now!

"Div a shet! If I move till I see the size of the man that handles that pick!"

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FEATHERSTONEHAUGH—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Featherstonehaugh—a son.

GUY—On June 11, at Oshawa, Mrs. F. A. Guy—a son.

MACDONALD—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald—a son.

RICHARDSON—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Bruce L. Richardson—a son.

WALLACE—On May 17, at Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Wallace—a daughter.

AYLESWORTH—On June 12, at Madoc, Mrs. Fraser Aylesworth—a daughter.

TUBBY—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. C. A. Tubby—a daughter.

DUFF—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. R. Duff—a son.

ELLIS—On June 12, at Orangeville, Mrs. Alf. H. Ellis—a daughter.

MCKAY—On June 14, at Toronto, Mrs. George W. McKay—a daughter.

YOUNG—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. James M. Young—a son.

MACKELLAR—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Mackellar—a son.

PIERCE—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs. H. M. Pierce—a daughter.

WATSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. D. Watson—a son.

Marriages.

BINGHAM—PHILLIPS—On June 12, at Toronto, George A. Bingham to Emma E. Phillips.

BROCK—BROCK—On June 11, at Allandale, John T. Brock to Dorothy Jane Wilkinson.

GEORGE—NORTHRUP—At Toronto, Rev. Dr. J. H. George to Blanche Helena Northrup.

LAPIDAM—BODDY—On June 13, at Toronto, Hon. George H. Lapham of Pecon-Yan, N. Y., to Kathleen Helena Mary Boddy.

BOOTH—HINCKS—On June 13, at Toronto, R. S. Booth to Annie Marcella Hincks of Goderich, Ont.

LOWTHER—LOUGHREY—On June 11, at Albion, Ont., Alfred Lowther, D. S. S., of Detroit, Mich., to Violet Lougheed.

HEATON—SCOTT—On June 12, at Montreal, Edwin Percival Heaton of New York, to Hope Scott.

DUGAL—WILKINSON—On June 12, at Allandale, John T. Dugal to Dorothy Jane Wilkinson.

COPP—DUTTON—On June 17, at Toronto, William Copp to Julia C. Dutton.

MCAULIFFE—FRANLISH—On June 12, at Montreal, William McAuliffe of Donavon, Huron County, to Mary (Dolla) Anna Franlisch of Montreal.

ALDCORN—BLACK—On June 12, at Proton, William Walter Aldcorn to Jane Black.

SILVESTER—STORES—On June 18, at Toronto, Geoffrey Silvester to Bessie Annabelle Stores to Anna Stores.

GIBSON—MINTOSH—On June 18, at Toronto, John Gray Gibson to Clara Devine McIntosh of San Francisco, Cal.

LAWRENCE—MARTIN—On June 11, at Toronto, Wm. J. Lawrence to Minnie Martin.

WHITFIELD—HATCH—On June 18, at Whitby T. G. Whitfield to Emma L. Hatch.

FRASER—REID—On June 18, at Toronto, Andrew George Wood Fraser to Annie Bruce Reid.

Deaths.

BEATTY—On June 14, at Toronto, Samuel Beatty, aged 78 years.

DONALDSON—At Toronto, Mrs. Catharine Donaldson.

DAW—On June 13, at Toronto, Bessie Daw.

THOMSON—On June 13, at Acton West, Mrs. John Thomson, aged 60 years.

GALBRAITH—On June 10, at Mason, Ill., Mrs. George J. Galbraith, aged 21 years.

GLASS—On June 15, at Woodstock, Mr. A. G. Glass.

HASTINGS—On June 14, at Toronto, John Hastings, aged 51 years.

MACDONALD—On June 15, at Toronto, Chas. Macdonald, aged 55 years.

DAVIS—On June 16, at Ottawa, William Davis, aged 70 years.

BROWNLEY—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Harry Brownley, aged 27 years.

LALLY—On June 17, at Barrie, Edmund S. Lally, aged 82 years.

ROBINSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Geo. T. Robinson, aged 36 years.

COOKE—On June 18, at Toronto, Robert Cooke, aged 57 years.

GLADSTONE—On June 18, at Toronto, Thomas Gladstone, aged 68 years.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

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E. MACRAE, Manager.
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Have you seen those elegant and beautiful little Boys' Suits at the Palace Clothing House? If you have not do not miss the sight, for in our Boys' Clothing Department you will find the choicest styles and patterns to be seen in this country, and you will be very hard to please if you are unable to make a selection from our large and varied stock.

P. JAMIESON, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto

Mantles, Millinery

JERSEY JACKETS, BLACK AND DRAB



New stock of those fashionable jackets, some bound, some not bound. Applique Braided Jackets for \$9, same as the \$11 lot of a few weeks ago. Ravelling Ulsters in every size from \$5 up.

Choice Millinery

Pattern Bonnets

New York and Paris Novelties—Every New Fashion. Trimmed Hats and Bonnets from Paris and New York. Special line of Children's Trimmed Straws from \$2.50 up.

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Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.
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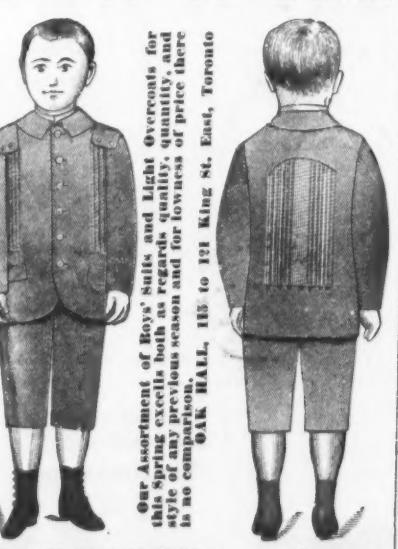


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